

The Nation

VOL. XXXVII.—NO. 961.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1883.

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Christmas,

By George William Curtis. Illustrated from Drawings by Fredericks, Pyle, Jessie Curtis Shepherd and Pictures by Kenny Meadows;

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A New Novel. By E. P. Roe. Illustrated by Gibson and Dielman;

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By William Black. Illustrated by Abbey;

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A Comedy. By W. D. Howells. Illustrated by Reinhart;

The Kissing Bridge,

A Legend of Albany. A Story. By George H. Boughton, A. R. A. With full-page Illustration by the Author;

The Kingdom of the Child,

A Poem. By Mrs. Frances L. Mace. Illustrated by Jessie Curtis Shepherd;

The Nest-Builders of the Sea,

By C. F. Holder. Illustrated by J. C. Beard;

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A Poem. By Austin Dobson. Illustrated by Abbey;

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A Poem. By Alexander Pope. With thirteen Illustrations by Abbey;

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A Poem. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr;

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A Poem. By R. J. De Cordova. With Music by J. Mosenthal;

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The Nation.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK.....	439
EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
The Egyptian Disaster.....	442
Religious Statistics.....	443
Conversation Art Is.....	444
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:	
Political Influence of the Press in England.....	444
Correspondence of Charles de Rémusat—1.....	445
CORRESPONDENCE:	
Trade Union Morality.....	446
College Societies Again.....	447
Goodness and the Theatre.....	447
Congress and the Navy.....	448
General Butler at Baltimore.....	448
The Classics.....	448
NOTES.....	449
REVIEWS:	
Mr. Seward's Diplomacy.....	452
English Verse.....	453
Books About the Stage.....	456
The Wanderer in the South Seas.....	456
BOOKS OF THE WEEK.....	457

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 Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1882..... 1,516,844 85
 Total Marine Premiums..... \$5,929,538 43

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 Losses paid during the same period..... \$2,013,767 35

Returns of Premiums and Expenses..... \$823,304 50

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1883.

The Week.

THE official figures of the total vote in this State at the last election show, as we anticipated that they would, a falling off from the vote of last year. The whole number of votes cast for all candidates this year was 901,950, against 915,539 in 1882. Curiously enough, the combined Democratic and Republican totals for both years are nearly the same. That for Folger and Cleveland was 877,782, and that for Carr and Maynard is 873,950. Last year the Prohibition vote was 25,783, and this year it is only 17,000, while the Greenback vote was about 11,000 in both years. This indicates that many Republicans who did not wish to vote for Folger last year voted for the Prohibition candidates rather than vote for a Democrat. Carr's vote this year was 446,384, about 18,000 greater than that cast for any other Republican candidate, and about equal to the average vote cast for the Democratic candidates. He undoubtedly owes his election to the votes of 18,000 or more Democrats, who refused to support Maynard because of his temperance principles. Carr's vote is 103,920 greater than that cast for Folger. The lowest candidate on the Republican ticket received 84,234 more votes than Folger had. The candidate on the Democratic ticket who received the largest vote was Maxwell, who had 447,269 votes. This is 88,049 less votes than Cleveland had, and over 3,000 less than half of the total vote cast. It is interesting to note that the Republican increase of 84,234 over Folger's vote is nearly the same as the Democratic decrease of 88,049 from Cleveland's vote. Here is a shifting vote of from 80,000 to 85,000, which probably measures pretty accurately the size of the Independent vote in the State. That is the vote which will decide the Presidential election of next year, and its formidable proportions are likely to have a most salutary effect upon the nominations of both parties.

The final week of the Speakership contest opens with Mr. Randall clearly in the lead. Congress will assemble on Monday next, and in the opinion of the best judges Mr. Randall's election will speedily follow. The other candidates make energetic claims of strength, but it is very plain that their hopes are slight. An overwhelming majority of Democrats everywhere are afraid of reopening the tariff issue on the eve of a Presidential election, and this fear is likely to be powerful enough to put Mr. Randall into the chair. Here and there a Democrat supports him openly because he is a protectionist. Thus Congressman Arnot, of the XXIXth New York District, said on Sunday: "I am a protectionist and will vote for Randall for Speaker. I don't want any half and half in this particular, for I have too solid a respect for a protective tariff. I am an out-and-outer, and that is the kind of a man I shall favor for

Speaker." There is no doubt about Mr. Randall being that kind of a man. His position in favor of the total abolition of internal taxes would of itself demonstrate that.

Judge Barrett has been giving to the public his views as to divorce, and declares that he is totally opposed to a constitutional amendment giving Congress power to secure a uniform system of marriage and divorce. His only objection is the "entering wedge" argument—that it would lead to centralization. Why, he says, should we not have a "uniform murder law?" Why should not crimes and the domestic relations in general—of parent and child, guardian and ward—be handed over to the Federal Government? As we originally brought the matter up for discussion in these columns, we may take it upon ourselves to reply: Because the country does not suffer from the lack of a uniform law on any of these subjects. As a man who commits a murder, or any other crime, is necessarily tried by the State where it is committed, and as the Constitution compels any State in which he takes refuge to surrender him for trial and punishment, no inconvenience is felt in the existing system. So the local regulation of the domestic relations produces no trouble, except in the case of husband and wife. Now with regard to this, a very great proportion of the divorces procured are notoriously got in defiance of the law of the State where the parties actually live, by resorting to some other State where the law is more lax. This branch of the evil would be brought to an end by a uniform Federal system; and it would no more be a "wedge" than a bankruptcy law, or a copyright law, or a patent law, can be called so. There is no principle in the Constitution that we know of that prevents the transfer of any matter to Congress with which experience shows that the States are incapable of dealing, by means of an amendment. To enable the country to make changes of this sort we have always supposed to be one of the principal reasons for permitting amendments.

A case has arisen under the new California Constitution which brings the right of private property again before the Supreme Court. If anybody doubted that the Granger decisions struck a serious blow at the commonly received ideas on the subject, their doubts would be removed by the general tone of the discussion in this case. The question is as to the right to control "rates" charged by a San Francisco Water Company—in other words, the price of water. One of the arguments used against the company was, that there was no such thing as private property in water, and this appears to have been gravely argued on both sides. One of the strangest legal results of the Granger movement is that it seems to have identified, in a great many publicists' minds, the right to fix reasonable rates with the

right to confiscate property. The fact that the State must in some cases fix rates, does not make it any the more advisable to destroy the value of stock in a corporation which it charters in order to enable it to make money. If the right to fix rates is such a grand thing as its advocates would have us believe, it is a pity that the argument upon which it rests should lead to so much general confusion between *meum* and *tuum*.

The best that can be said about the condition and prospects of that great representative line of industry embraced in what is called the "iron trade," is that the depression does not increase. Some furnaces are being blown out, their owners declaring that the prices of iron are below the cost of production, while others are just starting up. But in the lumber, glass, and paper industries there are less favorable prospects. It is believed that the low prices of lumber have caused the loss of the entire capital of a good many producers in the Northwest. In the paper trade, the condition of things is indicated by the fact that last week fifty mills, in what is known as the "Northwestern Paper Pool," resolved to close their mills from December 1 to February 4. In the glass trade there has been an extensive strike at Pittsburgh, and a good many manufacturers will close their works. Concurrent with these unfavorable symptoms, speculation in grain has been revived by the reports that the corn crop will turn out only from 1,200,000,000 to 1,300,000,000 bushels, instead of more than 1,600,000,000, as indicated by the Agricultural Bureau. At the same time the export movement of breadstuffs and cotton is from 22 to 25 per cent. less than at the corresponding time last year; consequently the imports of specie are as yet on a very limited scale, the total for last week being \$558,600. The only positively favorable feature in the entire commercial and industrial situation is the continued large earnings of the railroads, which are, on the average, sixteen per cent. greater thus far in November than at the same time last year. Nevertheless, capital still retains a sluggish and somewhat distrustful attitude. There has been some active investment in railroad bonds in the last month, which has advanced the prices of the best stock from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; but the dividend-paying railway stocks seem to attract no considerable investment of capital yet, and in the last week they have all declined from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. The amount of idle money in the banks increases, and rates of interest are lower than ever before at this season of the year.

The depressed condition of the dry goods industry has been illustrated in no more remarkable way than by the fact that a Chicago clothing firm has found it necessary to engage Sergeant Mason, at a salary of \$125 a month, to push their business. The Sergeant's knowledge of the clothing business is

limited, but the firm think that his popularity through his attempted murder of Guiteau will draw custom. He has also received an offer of a theatrical engagement, but this he has refused, for the singular reason that he has no desire to "make a show" of himself. Sergeant Mason is a remarkable product of a remarkable period. He declares that it was wrong to imprison him, because he missed Guiteau, and thinks that a jury would have acquitted him on that account. This is evidently founded on an erroneous view of the jury system. Had he been acquitted, it would have been not because he missed Guiteau, but because he tried to kill him.

After the experience in Fifth Avenue on Monday evening there is no necessity for further expert testimony concerning the danger from electric-lighting wires. A runaway in the avenue broke down one of the electric-lamp poles and trailed the wire upon the pavement. A passing horse stepped upon the wire; there was a flash of purple light, a report like a pistol shot, all the lights on the avenue went out, and the horse fell dead. A moment later another horse stepped upon the wire and dropped dead like the first. The avenue was immediately closed to travellers of all kinds. Of course if a person had stepped upon the wire he would have shared the fate of the horses. It was a stormy night and there were few people upon the avenue, or the consequences might have been much more serious. A wire which kills instantly every person who treads upon it would be a deadly thing for a crowd to surge over. Clearly the only safe place for these wires is under ground, and the sooner they are put there the better.

At the Sweet Springs in West Virginia the other day, Carey Woodville had to beat Shelt Harman for poisoning two dogs, and his brother, James Woodville, had to stand by with a shot-gun to see fair play. Shelt Harman, however, objected to being beaten, and tried to hit Carey on the head with a stone, to prevent which James Woodville interfered. For this another bystander named Carter attacked James with a broad-axe, so James shot him in the leg. Then Harman attacked James also, and then James shot him. Then Carter's father also attacked James with an axe and James shot him. Whereupon old man Carter ran away, apparently through fear, but really, he says, simply to bring more men to take part in the fight. Thinking there were more coming, James ran away, too, not through fear, but feeling, he said, "that as others were called he had better go away quickly or he certainly would kill somebody." Great praise is accorded by local opinion to James, who is a fine marksman, for only shooting his opponents in the legs, for he might have killed them; and it is thought that this magnanimity on his part will lead to his acquittal by the jury. The real culprit in the affair seems to be Shelt Harman, who refused to take his beating quietly.

Frank James, who is lying in jail in Missouri, is said to be in "very low health," and besides this his money has given out,

while his "surroundings" are by no means what they were a year ago. At that time his place of imprisonment seems to have been more like some luxurious chamber out of one of Disraeli's novels than an ordinary cell. There were Brussels carpet on the floor, "paintings and bric-à-brac" on the walls; a mahogany bedstead; a writing desk, and a little collection of his favorite books—fiction, probably of a pretty stirring kind. Now he has a pine board for a table, two rough bunks, and two stools. In fact, he has come down from the level of a state criminal to that of an ordinary murderer. The reporters are trying to revive the interest in him by telling romantic stories about his wife, who, with her husband, is fond of "chatting sociably" over the days of their courtship, with any one who likes to come in and listen; but it seems to be hard work.

The attitude of the English newspapers toward "interviews" is a curiously contradictory one. When interviewing began to be a regular enterprise a few years ago, the English leader-writers denounced it as the most dreadful form which American impertinence had yet assumed. They continue to denounce it in much the same terms now, but, strangely enough, they ignore the actual presence of the interview in their own columns. All the leading London papers employ American correspondents who send daily despatches concerning all important American events, and their longest despatches are nearly always interviews with illustrious Englishmen who are visiting this country. It has frequently happened that a London journal has contained on the same day a leading article denouncing interviewing, and a column cable message, costing several hundred dollars, which was an interview pure and simple. When Herbert Spencer was here the same London journal which published conspicuously a long cable message giving the substance of an interview with him, also published a "scathing" leader condemning the irrepressible impertinence with which Mr. Spencer had been worried during his entire visit to America, until he had been forced to give his views in order to obtain peace. The facts in the case were that instead of being worried into an interview, Mr. Spencer prepared it himself and sent it through a friend to all the New York newspapers for simultaneous publication. Other English visitors have taken to the interviewing system with equal favor, and their observations thus published have been promptly transmitted to London by cable at the cost of 12½ cents a word. Those which have not been sent by cable have been copied from the New York papers as soon as the mails arrived in London.

Mr. Roger A. Pryor, who was sent over, at considerable expense, to take part in the defence of O'Donnell, has definitively concluded not to attempt to appear in court on his behalf, having probably ascertained that he would not be permitted to speak. This will be a very bitter disappointment to a large number of those who contributed the money to pay

his expenses, because what they sought was not so much to get O'Donnell acquitted as to "make the court ring" with a denunciation of British tyranny and perfidy. As Mr. Pryor cannot furnish this he ought to come home or to return the money. His legal opinion or advice will not be of any particular value to O'Donnell, as he is not a remarkably prominent member of the bar here, and cannot offer any help over there which is not abundantly supplied by members of the English bar. The truth is, however, that the contributions of the Irish in this country for all sorts of purposes connected with resistance to, or defiance of, the Government at home, are so large that the honest managers must now, as the Land Leaguers are not carrying on operations, be often greatly puzzled to know what to do with the money. Dishonest ones are, course, never in any difficulty. The favorite mode of disposing of it seems to be sending people to Europe to make a disturbance of some kind.

Things do not look any more peaceful in Tonquin. The Chinese are apparently amusing the French with "fresh proposals." The circular which their Government has addressed to foreign Powers indicates clearly that China means to fight, and that the fight will probably be brought on by the French attack on Sontay and Bacninh, which are garrisoned, in part at least, by Chinese troops. We may any day now hear news of the outbreak of hostilities by the opening of the French attack, which will be rendered more interesting, in all probability, to European Powers by a bombardment of Canton at long range. Admiral Courbet is supporting the Ministry at home by refusing to ask for further reinforcements. His land force does not exceed ten thousand men, which could be increased slightly by sailors and marines. About the number of Chinese regulars who are disciplined and armed in the European fashion, there is a great variety of reports, but the highest estimate does not put them at over fifty thousand. What their discipline amounts to, there is as yet little means of judging, as they have hitherto been only employed against native rebels. But that they have all the natural qualities of good soldiers is beyond question. They are temperate, hardy, patient, obedient, and if the small value they place on their own lives can be turned to account for military purposes by good officers, they will certainly make a very formidable army. There are rumors, as is usual in such cases, of their having a considerable number of European and American officers. But this story is now told of every barbarous army engaged in a conflict with a civilized Power.

It is difficult to understand on what principle of law the British Government can seriously object to the French blockade of the Chinese ports. France, undoubtedly, has the usual belligerent right of establishing an effective blockade of any ports she pleases; what England now appears to be doing is objecting to her trying to establish an effective blockade, on the ground that she cer-

tainly could not succeed. That, however, can hardly be considered sufficient ground in the forum of international law. Every Power has the right to try to make an effective blockade. France, of course, as well as any other. The real English objection is that even the attempt would seriously interfere with English trade, and would excite so much discontent among English manufacturers and shippers that the Government could not avoid interfering, or, in other words, taking the Chinese side of the quarrel. The truth is, that a blockade will hardly hurt the Chinese at all. They care very little about foreign trade, and the total loss of it would not bring much perceptible pressure to bear on the Government in favor of peace. Two thirds of the export of China consists of tea, which would somehow or other, under all circumstances, find its way out of the Empire. But the imports are mainly cotton and woollen goods and opium, which a blockade would largely exclude. Moreover, the entrance and clearing of vessels from Hong Kong would be greatly impeded by the blockade of the adjoining harbor of Canton. The French are said to be so much impressed by these considerations that they are going to confine their operations to the Tonquin waters.

While Herr Beheim-Schwarzbach, in a recent number of the Berlin *Gegenwart*, effectively disposed of the colonization schemes which, in spite of the vote of the Reichstag on the Samoan question, are being urged in Germany, French defenders of the opening of "commercial outlets" are increasing in number. The most prominent of these is M. Gabriel Charmes, of the *Journal des Débats*, who, in the latest number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has an interesting article on the Colonial Policy of France. He sees in the present policy but the continuation of long-established French traditions, and thinks that France can still best employ her large surplus capital in developing her colonies, which offer so large a field to her industrial ingenuity. He is, however, candid enough to admit the existence of various obstacles in the way of successful colonization—viz: the vagaries of internal politics, which, by fostering State Socialism, so augment the price of labor as to exclude French manufactures from foreign markets; the failure to negotiate a treaty of commerce with England; the rigor of the conscription laws, which prevent young men from acquiring a thorough mercantile education by a residence abroad; and, lastly, the management of colonial affairs by incompetent politicians. M. Charmes's article is chiefly remarkable for the emphasis with which, in contrast to the chauvinism of even so clear-headed a writer as Leroy-Beaulieu, he dwells on the benefits accruing to France from the influx of foreign elements. "Our history shows," he says, "with what ease we assimilate foreigners, and of what service they are to us when once assimilated." The Paris correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, in commenting on these remarks, admits, perhaps not altogether disinterestedly, the validity of the argument which sees a national gain in the dissemination of French culture regardless of economic considerations. At the same time he takes occa-

sion to remind his compatriots how prone they are to attach undue importance to the anti-German utterances of obscure journals, while not only ignoring the contrary voices of such men as Gabriel Charmes, but also the actual facts with regard to the "persecutions" of Germans in Paris, of which German papers never tire, and which he pronounces altogether mythical.

One of the most active and useful of those taking part in the agitation in London for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, Mr. Sims, writing in the *Daily News* with full knowledge of his subject, says, with regard to a large body of those whose lodgings excite the most horror and compassion, that they are so degraded in their habits and in their intelligence that any habitation into which you could put them would soon become vile and loathsome. In fact, he has apparently very little hope of any solid or radical change for the better in the population of East London except through the education of children—a feeling which is, we believe, very common among those who labor among the degraded poor in any large city. One other striking and significant incident of the agitation occurred the other day at a meeting called by Mr. Torrence, who is one of its principal promoters. He recommended emigration as the best remedy for the sores of East London life, but he was cried or hissed down by his audience, who said it was the landed proprietors and capitalists who ought to emigrate. When he talked of the poor, they shouted to him that there ought not to be any poor. Finally, the opposition took possession of the meeting and passed resolutions condemning emigration and demanding the opening of public works by the state, and the colonization of England itself, by which one orator explained that he meant the nationalization of the land as the sole remedy for pauperism.

Why the election of the Rector of St. Andrews by the votes of the students should ever have become an important event, and success in it a distinction which public men covet, it is hard to see, but the fact remains that some of the greatest men in English literature and politics have been competitors for the place and have been glad to get it. Mr. Lowell's success, therefore, achieved as it has been over a distinguished Conservative politician and the ablest speaker of his party in the House of Commons, must be considered a high compliment both to him personally and to American literature. The election serves the excellent purpose of drawing out a carefully prepared address on some literary or political topic from the Rector on his inauguration, and thus furnishes the public with what is usually one of the greatest treats of the year in the way of literary or oratorical performance. The occasion is one on which Mr. Lowell is well fitted to shine, and that he will shine there is no doubt.

The news of Hicks Pasha's defeat continues strongly to impress the English imagination and appears to be causing a real Jingo fever. No deduction from it seems too wild. The *Spectator*, which has always been fond of signs

and wonders, believes that the False Prophet's victory is going to set the whole East on fire. "Either," it says, "we mis-read the Arabs altogether, or in a month the French will be fighting for their lives from Gabes to Morocco." It is very easy to mis-read the Arabs, however, when one is sitting in London—far easier than to make the French fight for their lives from Gabes to Morocco; and it is safe to predict that the French, a month hence, will be no worse off than they were a month ago. The *Tribune's* old Tory squire, who is as loyal as the Groom of the Stole, we need hardly say, is also full of fight, and sternly rebukes the Radicals and the *Daily News* for their "incredible flippancy in trying to minimize the effect of El Mahdi's victory." If Gladstone does not do his duty in the matter it would not be surprising if the gallant old fellow were to tackle the False Prophet himself.

The most trustworthy account of the condition of Hicks Pasha's force before he started on his expedition is contained in a letter from Major Seckendorf, of the German army, who was with him. The letter was a private one, apparently, and has just appeared in the *Vienna Presse*, from which the contents have been cabled. Hicks Pasha, he says, had only ten thousand men and an enormous baggage train, and not cavalry enough for outpost duty. This deficiency in cavalry he evidently thought likely to work the ruin of the expedition. To the False Prophet he gives fifteen thousand breech-loading rifles, fourteen guns, and a numerous and excellent cavalry. These, in a waterless desert, would have been sufficient to work Hicks's ruin in the long run. His fate, however, seems to have been precipitated by the treachery of a guide, who took him into a defile, where he was soon disposed of. Major Seckendorf thought this victory, if won, would satisfy the natives that the False Prophet was the Messiah and would give him the whole country. The *Daily News* is the only London paper which seems to take a rational view of the disaster by declaring that it ought to teach the Khedive the folly of fighting the False Prophet up in the Sudan. The true policy for Egypt in the present state of its finances and its army is to let the False Prophet alone as long as he is content to stay where he is. There is no place in which a False Prophet can do less harm than around the head waters of the Nile.

General Loring, who was long in the Egyptian service, has had an interview with a *Herald* reporter, in which he confirms our belief when the news of the Egyptian disaster first arrived, that the False Prophet's army was largely made up of exasperated slave-traders, and that his resistance owes most of its force to the determination of slave-traders not to be put down. The notion that there is enough Mussulman fanaticism left anywhere in the East to produce a formidable movement is a chimera. Whenever during the last forty years this fanaticism has been tested for warlike purposes it has been found all but dead. It is undoubtedly useful in giving glow and animation to editorial articles, but for little else.

THE EGYPTIAN DISASTER.

HISTORY repeats itself with astonishing rapidity in Egyptian affairs, and to one who has closely watched the march of events during the past decade, the similarity of recent occurrences to those of a few years past must appear marvellously striking. But a few days ago news came that Commander Moncrieff and a contingent of Egyptian troops numbering several hundreds had been destroyed in the immediate vicinity of Suakim. Now, the startling intelligence comes from Khartum that the large force under Hicks Pasha, which was intended to put down El Mahdi, the False Prophet, and restore the Sudan to Egypt—that this force, numbering more than ten thousand men, has been utterly annihilated. Let the reader turn back to the record of events in 1875 and 1876, and hunt up the accounts of the operations of the Egyptians against King John of Abyssinia. Let him read again of the massacre of Munzinger Pasha and his little army of 600, in the vicinity of Tajurrah. Let him note how Munzinger landed at an Egyptian port, marched into the country of the Gallas, so confident of being master of the situation that he even took his wife with him; and how, when a few miles in the interior, near Lake Assal, he was betrayed by his guide, he and his wife killed in their tent, and his force wiped out of existence, with the exception of a few soldiers and one staff officer, who returned, wounded and bleeding, to tell the dreadful tale. This happened in the early part of November, 1875. During the same time a larger expedition was marching into Abyssinia from Massowah. This latter force, numbering between three and four thousand men, splendidly armed with Remington rifles, mountain howitzers, and rockets, and well appointed in every respect, under an officer of the Danish army, Col. Arendrup, seemed for a time to be having everything its own way. It marched nearly one hundred miles from its base of operations; its enemy seemed to melt before its advance, some tribes becoming friends and allies, and others retreating into their mountain fastnesses. But on the 20th of November, 1875 (mark the date), news came to Cairo that Col. Arendrup was betrayed by his allies in a narrow defile near the Mareb River, and butchered with his force almost to a man.

The similarity between these two disasters and those which have so recently shocked the sensibilities of the civilized world must strike every one. As we hear more and more about the Moncrieff and Hicks Pasha massacres we shall probably trace still other and more sickening similitudes. The meagre details of the battle of El Obeid which have reached us up to this writing, represent Hicks Pasha as having been surrounded, in a very bad position, by a great host of barbarians numbering between two and three hundred thousand; that his army of ten thousand Egyptians fought desperately for three days, but at last, overcome by heat, thirst, superior numbers, and *their square being broken*, succumbed, and were ruthlessly slaughtered by their savage and fanatical foes.

Now such exactly were the accounts first given of the Arendrup defeat. But an Englishman who happened to be with King John's forces on that occasion, subsequently published a description of the battle of the Mareb, and stated that the Egyptians did not fight at all, with but very few exceptions. The loss inflicted by them upon the Abyssinians was utterly insignificant. Col. Arendrup defended his own person with sword and pistol until hewn down and backed to pieces; and Count Zecchi, an Italian who was acting as aide-de-camp, shared the same fate. A few of the Turkish officers, and a very small handful of the soldiery, showed manliness enough to resist, being cut to pieces by the rude swords and spears of the Abyssinians; but the great mass of the Egyptian troops were too cowardly to fight and too stupid to run. Such, we fear, will be the true history of the massacre of Hicks Pasha and his 10,000 Egyptians. Such, certainly, was the history of the great Abyssinian expedition under Ratib Pasha, which went with 20,000 men to avenge Arendrup, and had its termination in the inglorious battle of Gura.

Now the question very naturally arises, why is it that the Egyptian soldiery has, of late, at least, been invariably beaten by every foe? That they should not be a match for the trained and tried troops of England, is not a matter of surprise, but that they are utterly unable to cope even with the naked, unarmed, barbarous tribes of blacks which surround them, is truly remarkable. And, in view of the possibility that Lower Egypt may be invaded by the Mahdi and his followers, it is very important that the question, "Will the Egyptian fight?" or "Can he fight?" should be speedily and definitively settled.

The maxim in the art of war that good officers make good soldiers, seems to be completely set at naught by the Egyptian troops. As a matter of fact, it does seem that the Egyptians are utterly lacking in the prime quality of real soldiers, namely, the *fighting quality*. Drill alone will not give this quality, discipline will not impart it. Even courage alone is not by any means its equivalent. It is superior to courage, to drill and to discipline, in the stern struggle for life of actual battle. It is a combination of combativeness, self-reliance, independence, vindictiveness, revengefulness, pride, and numerous other qualities which some might call the more brutal parts of our nature. This fighting quality is almost wholly wanting in women, though some of them are gifted with courage of the loftiest order. It is, however, a part of the nature of a free-born man. Nothing but long continuance of slavery and degradation can wholly eradicate it from a whole people. Have not the Egyptians lost this quality under the long rule of their beys and pashas, under the *corvée* labor system of their Khedives; under the coorbash of their tax-gatherers; under the chains and handcuffs of their recruiting sergeants; under the kicks and blows and abuse of their superiors for so many long generations? An affirmative answer to this question seems to be the only satisfactory

explanation of their many recent military disasters, including the latest.

Hicks's defeat was foreshadowed very clearly by the latest despatches of Mr. O'Donovan to the *Daily News* just before the expedition started. It was about to plunge into the desert—or what for an army would be the same thing as a desert—in small force, with scanty supplies, and with troops broken down by bad food and an enervating climate. It had hardly any cavalry too, and consequently can have been but very ill informed as to the whereabouts of the enemy. The False Prophet has always been strong in cavalry, as Arabian prophets usually are, and he had only to compel Hicks to perform the one tactical manœuvre of which his troops were capable, that is, to form in square, and then to keep him in square for two or three days until his men were worn out, in order to have him at his mercy. The whole affair simply illustrates the folly of the attempt (which Ismail Pasha originated), on the part of such a country as Egypt, to annex and hold a region like Sudan. It is, except the few hundred yards along the banks of the Nile, a howling waste with a terrible climate. From the very beginning the Egyptian troops have looked on it as a penal settlement, and on an order to go there almost as a sentence of death. When Arabi Bey found some Circassian colonels guilty of conspiring against him he sentenced them to service on the White Nile, and it was treated as an act of great barbarity. We may imagine, therefore, with what feelings the remnant of Arabi's army, after his defeat, went up there to chase the False Prophet under Hicks Pasha.

It must be said, however, that the Egyptians are not wholly to blame for the annexation. Ever since Sir Samuel Baker explored the upper Nile fourteen or fifteen years ago, the duty of suppressing the slave trade, of which Khartum is the great centre, has been impressed upon the Egyptian Government in the strongest terms, both by politicians and philanthropists, and it was under this stimulation that the attempt at real annexation was made. Sir Samuel Baker himself tried his hand at it in command of an Egyptian force and was not particularly successful. Those who have followed him have fared no better—Hicks Pasha worse than any. As long as the troops keep to the Nile all goes well, but they cannot catch the slave traders by keeping to the Nile. As soon as they go after them into the interior their great difficulty is to keep alive. The proportion of the False Prophet's army which consists of religious fanatics is probably small and contemptible, but he has been undoubtedly reinforced by large bodies of Mussulman slave traders, who are the "bosses" of that region. They all command a small force, with which they make their raids on the negroes further south, are rich, influential, inured to long marches, and capable of doing excellent service as irregulars. They have now probably combined to get rid of the Egyptian pest which has so long been interfering with their traffic by breaking up their markets in the large towns. It is extremely doubtful whether there is any power in the world which can accomplish in

Sudan what Hicks undertook. There are no white troops which could stand a campaign there. There is not, as there was in Central Asia when the Russians invaded it, any government or political organization the overthrow of which would deliver the country into the hands of the invader. The best that can be accomplished by way of suppressing the slave trade is the holding of the large towns on the river with garrisons sufficiently large to take care of themselves, to prevent the opening of slave markets.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS.

THE broken virtuals left over from the "Symposium" of the *North American Review*, given last summer on the question of the decadence of Christianity in our country, have furnished forth lunches, of varying degrees of coldness, in the columns of several periodicals. No doubt the most forcible presentation of the case, from the standpoint of those who deny that the church is losing her hold, is the appeal to statistics made by Dr. Ward in the discussion alluded to. The figures then adduced were chiefly based on the researches of Dr. Dorchester, in the "Problem of Religious Progress," in the *Independent* of Nov. 15. Dr. Ward presents compilations of his own, bringing the statistics down to date. The *Century* has contributed to the question the results of test inquiries made with a view of determining the religious position of the leading business men of several cities and towns. If the totals reached by these writers cannot be impeached, and if the inference drawn from the figures cannot be shown to be misleading, they have, certainly, made out an excellent case.

But there are several points at which these statistics are open to suspicion and attack. It is notorious that nearly every individual church, as well as every considerable denomination, has upon its records the names of many persons whom it reports as communicants, yet who have no right to be numbered among our distinctively Christian population. Some of them have lapsed from the faith and never show their faces inside a church, out of sheer indifference and unbelief. Others are non-resident, who may be dead, or agnostics, or members of other churches, for all that any one knows, and yet their names stand in the books year after year. How large a percentage is embraced in this class, it is impossible to say. It is well known, however, that one of the constantly recurring questions in ecclesiastical assemblies, which somehow never seem to get settled, is the question of how to go to work to "purge the rolls." The Dutch Reformed church tried it, last year, and came out with a considerable diminution in its membership, which, it is safe to say, other denominations would experience to an equal degree if they undertook to "purge." The *New York Observer* recently took the leaders of its own denomination to task for not setting about a reform of the Church statistics, boldly asserting that a very large percentage of the returned total membership of the Presbyterian church—nearly one-third, if memory serves—was merely "drifting." In addition

to these misleading aspects of the statistics is to be noted the fact that in the totals are often embraced the communicants of foreign-mission churches, who are all counted in to swell the numbers of Christians in the United States.

These considerations serve to show that those who confidently point to the "facts" ought to exercise greater care in collecting their figures before they build so much upon them. But even granting the statistics to be all that is claimed for them, one of the confident and sweeping inferences based upon them, as well as one of the collateral hypotheses brought in to help out the argument, can be shown to rest upon an incomplete generalization. Here we must direct attention to a fact whose bearing has not been noticed in these discussions, the fact that the practice of admitting children to full membership in Protestant churches has come to be almost universal. Forty years ago it was an innovation, an exceptional thing. The Scotch have not yet given up the old idea that it was all very well to make children attend church services and be filled with all fulness of the Westminster Catechism, but that to join the church and take the sacrament were things for serious and mature minds alone. With us all that is changed. A very considerable percentage of the membership of the so-called evangelical churches is made up of children under sixteen years. A writer in the *Evangelist* recently described a Presbyterian church in Troy, which made a practice of receiving into membership children of seven to nine years of age. Exact figures are, of course, unattainable, but no one conversant with the case will dispute that the practice is of recent date, or that large numbers of children are to be found among the communicants reported by the churches.

Let us now see how this fact vitiates an inference of Dr. Dorchester, in which he is followed by others. The inference is to the effect that American Protestantism has grown faster than the population. According to him the population has increased, since 1800, 9.4 fold, while Protestantism has increased 27.5 fold. Or, since 1850, the increase of the population has been 116 per cent., while the communicants of Protestant churches have gained 185 per cent. But in this comparison he entirely overlooks the fact we have referred to, that the churches now take into their membership elements which once they did not. The basis of comparison has changed. In 1800 there was one communicant to fourteen inhabitants, according to Dr. Dorchester; in 1880, one in five. But when we remember that the church has now taken in two or three of the fourteen who, if the lines were drawn as they once were, would still be numbered among the non-communicants, we see that the force of the exhibit is quite broken. With this inference also falls as unsound the common hypothesis that, in order to come at the total Protestant population, we must multiply the total communicants by four. "Three children and adherents to each communicant is not a large ratio," says the *Independent*. Thus the ten million and a half communicants are transformed into forty-two millions and a half Protestant population. The whole argument

turns on this assumption, and it is tacitly assumed that the old order of things still rules, and that communicants mean adult communicants. With so many children within the church, why make so generous an estimate of those without? The United States Commissioner of Education, in his report for 1881, gives the total school population as fifteen and a half millions. The average "school age" is a little over fourteen years. Many children, under that age, are in the Protestant churches. Yet, making no allowance for these, the *Independent* needs at least twenty millions of children, all Protestant, to help out its estimate. It well says, we "must get at the census reports."

It would seem that it must be a very firm conviction that the figures depended upon have been made trustworthy by careful scrutiny and sifting, which could lead one to believe, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, that one in five of our population is a communicant member of a Protestant church. It surely verges on credulity to go further, and say that only a little over a million of all our inhabitants are to be classed as neither Catholic nor Protestant church members or adherents. This leads us to mention certain evidence that, however it may be with the wealthy classes, the poor, the working classes, are drifting away from the Protestant churches with alarming rapidity. Our modern apologists have departed from the position of Paul and Justin, and, unlike them, prove that their faith is not decaying by pointing to the many mighty, the many noble, the many wise, who are its adherents. Either they are wrong, or the Christian historians are who have taught us that the surest hold of a religion is upon the poor; that it mattered not if the luxurious Roman nobles rejected and scorned the religion of Jesus, as long as it was finding a home in the hearts of the great masses of the poor; that the Reformation failed in Spain, where it had many champions among the rich and cultured, and succeeded in Germany largely because it won the support of men like Luther, though peasants. Here is the greatest weakness of American Protestantism. Either by increase of luxury or by loss of earnest belief, it is getting further and further away from the life of the poor.

We can but indicate the lines of proof of this assertion. Only the merest fraction of this great influx of foreigners is reached. There are, probably, 20,000 Bohemians in the city of Chicago alone, and it is not known that a single Protestant mission has been established among them. Part of them are Catholics, after a fashion, the most are agnostics, atheists, or what you please. The fantastic methods of the Salvation Army are tolerated, even endorsed, by leading Protestants, for one reason, and only one—the hope that in some way the poor of our cities can be Christianized. The Protestant churches themselves, by their ordinary methods, despair of doing the work. When Senator Blair, of the Senate Committee on Labor and Education, asked as to the Evangelical faith of workmen, the answer is reported to have been that "a large majority are unbelievers." We can but believe that the statistical showing we have

referred to is greatly misleading. We are sure that those who are set for the defence of Christianity ought to consider, more fully and fairly than they have yet done, the serious menace to the Protestant Church which is seen in the alienation of the poor.

CONVERSATION AS IT IS.

It is one of the favorite criticisms of elderly people upon the manners and customs of the present day that conversation is dying out. The complaint is not confined to this country, but is beginning to be heard in England as well, that there are no really good talkers left; that talking is not cultivated; that every year there are more people in society who care little or nothing about conversation.

A very little observation, however, is sufficient to show that there has been no falling off in the volume of conversation. There is really, probably, more conversation nowadays than ever before. Dinner-tables may be taken as a test, and nobody who has had to go to a dinner party can fairly complain that there has been any real lack of conversation at it. Probably at any one of the big dinners that take place in New York to-night, there will be just as much language used in the course of the evening as there ever was at a dinner at Holland house in the palmiest days of Sydney Smith and Macaulay. In truth, there will probably be more, for in their day the great principle of simultaneity in conversation, as we may call it, had not been discovered, and it was still supposed that two people could not with advantage talk at once—a delusion which led to great bitterness of feeling among the accomplished talkers of the time, there being nothing more exasperating than the necessity of listening to another, with an air of polite attention, when you not merely do not want to hear what he is saying, but have something that you want to say very much yourself. How many of the caustic and cutting *mots* and repartees of the last generation must have been due to the reaction from the suffering caused by this enforced silence. There is no more pleasant feature of modern society than the unwillingness of its leaders to hurt one another's feelings by wit; indeed, wit as a conversational weapon has almost passed out of use. But nothing has promoted the good humor of society so much as the practice, which, like so many other pleasant innovations, we probably owe in the first instance to women, of several people talking at once.

It has often been noticed that women find no difficulty in simultaneous conversation. When two or more women meet, no one of them thinks it necessary to wait until the conclusion of the remarks of a speaker before rejoining or replying. On the contrary, all begin at once, and talk together, without any apparent attention being paid by any one to the remarks of any other. Nevertheless, at the end, they all appear to have an idea sufficiently accurate for their purposes of what has been said to them. This practice formerly used to be brought into ridicule by male writers of novels and plays, but of late years women have introduced it into use to a far greater extent than is commonly supposed. Among them it answers to "general conversation

among men, and men, though they have not yet developed any great aptitude for it, evidently have begun to like it in women, for they always encourage it by sympathy and laughter, and in time men too will probably become experts in it. The more progress made in this direction, the more actual conversation there will be, and one of the greatest obstacles to general social expression will be removed. The only stumbling-block that can be suggested is the effect of the noise on the nerves, and this is not and never has been minded by women. The nervous organization of man is so much coarser than that of the other sex, that it is absurd to say that a taste for noise or tumult, which women actually enjoy, is beyond the reach of men.

All this goes to show that conversation, instead of being on the wane, is really on the increase, which tallies entirely with the view taken by Carlyle of the subject, and accounts too for the failure of his effort to reduce the rest of the world to silence by his own unrelenting talk. The day for that was gone by, as he found, and as all those who imitate him will find. It is on the whole impossible to understand the cry that conversation is dying out, except on the supposition that those who make the complaint have in view not so much a diminution of the quantity, as the deterioration of the quality of conversation, and this view of the subject needs consideration.

Conversation, according to the view formerly taken of it, undoubtedly meant to a certain degree a discussion of subjects. What these subjects were must always have depended on the character and circumstances of those who took part in it. Their general object, however, always was to discover some subject of common interest, political, literary, social, or merely frivolous, and the avoidance of subjects which possessed no common interest. It is at this point that the new theory of conversation again diverges from the old, and introduces a most important innovation. This is, that for real enjoyment the true rule is not to waste time in trying to find common subjects, but to set to work talking about the subject that is most dear to and most carefully studied by every human being—himself or herself, as the case may be. The world, everybody knows, is divided into the Ego (as we should say, the Me) and the non-Ego (or the not-Me). This is a proposition of which every one, from a German metaphysician to a Tammany heeler, feels the truth the moment it is brought to his attention, and the difference between the modern and the old theories of conversation hinges upon it. The old idea was that conversation ought to be confined to the non-Ego. The modern theory makes its principal subject the Ego. If you notice, as anybody may sometimes be compelled to notice, the conversation of older people who have got in their day a reputation for talking well, you perceive at once that they avoid the very subject that you talk best and oftenest about—your own private feelings, ideas, hopes, prejudices, habits, fancies, and tastes; what you like best to eat and drink; what you care to do or not to do; what you wear and how much you pay for it; your family, your husband, wife, or children, and what wonderfully clever, or good, or fast, or reli-

gious people they really are when you know them—all matters carefully to be avoided on the old theory, as likely to be generally uninteresting or even offensive, not to the talker, but to the listener. We see no reason to believe that they are generally offensive to him any longer. They are universally accepted topics of conversation, and we know of no scene of modern life which shows in a stronger light the progress of human sympathy and kindly fellow-feeling than a room full of people all talking about themselves—many simultaneously. If it is true that fifty years ago such conversation would not have been regarded as endurable, then all that can be said is that the fact is a remarkable proof of the enlargement of this field of intellectual activity. And yet this is undoubtedly what elderly people call the decline of conversation.

POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, November, 1883.

THE most considerable changes in the social or even in the political life of a country are sometimes those which are least noticed while they are in progress—perhaps because they are very gradual, perhaps because in some cases they do not affect directly any institution, but those habits of thought and action which are much more impalpable. Indications are not wanting that such a change is now passing on the political influence of English journalism. It was very powerful a few years ago, and most observers predicted for it a continuance or even an increase of its power. That power seems to be now on the wane. I do not mean that the newspaper press is less able or less upright than formerly. Setting aside the so-called "society journals," a new and painful feature in our periodical literature, the tone of the English press, its independence, its incorruptibility, compare favorably with those of any other European country. Such *chantage* as exists in France, such subjection to clique influence as exists in Italy, is unknown here. Nor does the literary merit of the writing which fills our papers seem to have declined. There are five or six dailies in London, and eight or nine in other cities, whose articles are both in substance and in form up to the best average level of any former generation, although there may be no single writer so brilliant as one or two whom our fathers admired. Still less can it be suggested that newspapers are less read than formerly. They are read not only more widely than anywhere else in Europe, but much more than ever before in Britain itself. Women read them more generally, and the number of persons who in every great town purchase an evening—usually a halfpenny—as well as a morning paper, is always increasing. The view which I am stating is that the weight and authority of the press, and especially of the daily press, is declining; that it does not count for so much, as a factor in our politics, as it did twenty years ago. It is difficult to distinguish between the influence of a newspaper as enforcing its own views, and the importance to be attached to it as indicating the views of those for whom it is written—as the expression, in other words, of a clever editor's notion of what it is that large sections of the people are thinking and desiring to hear. Most people do not draw the distinction, and quite naturally, because the authority of a paper depends more largely on the belief that it can divine public opinion than on any confidence in its own wisdom and foresight. To put it shortly, what I mean is, when a newspaper urges or dep-

recates any line of conduct, or sustains or condemns any opinion, its advocacy makes less difference to the fate of that line of conduct or opinion than would have been the case, say, twenty years ago. People note the fact of its attitude—more people note it, because more read; but they care less about it, and are less disposed to shape their own acts or views accordingly.

To convey to readers at a distance a just idea of the impressions which lead one who lives in England to think this a probably true generalization, would be far from easy. One may be pretty sure of a conclusion, more sure than I can profess to be of this one, and yet be unable to set forth, even to one's own mind, all the grounds it rests on. I will mention a few facts which bear on the matter and indicate the conclusions they point to. One is the great increase in the number and importance of political speeches delivered out of Parliament. Not so long ago, in fact down to 1876, an epoch-making year in our recent party history, the harangues which were addressed to the inhabitants of the towns, even the great towns, were given by local men. The member delivered at least one every year, the active and aspiring local politicians gave others whenever an occasion arose which seemed to call for a public manifesto; and when any large measure was exciting the country, and required a sort of campaign to advocate it, lecturers were brought down who added their voices to those of the orators of the spot. It was a somewhat unusual and remarkable event when a statesman of the first or even of the second rank went to a place with which he had no personal connection to address the electors on public affairs. Nowadays such addresses are almost as much part of a statesman's work as his attendance in Parliament. The Parliamentary recess, which used to be a vacation, now merely changes the sphere of his toils from Westminster to the country. From the middle of October till Parliament meets in February, the fire of speeches is kept briskly up all over the three kingdoms, and the eminence of many of the speakers causes their words to be reported in all the newspapers. This is a serious addition to the already heavy burdens of English public life. It is, all things considered, a doubtful benefit, for it tends to keep up a sort of factitious excitement, and to disturb those intervals of repose which the mind of a nation, as well as the minds of individuals, profits by. But it has the advantage of giving a great deal of political education to the classes which care about politics. And in proportion as it does so, it encroaches on the function which the newspaper editor formerly had to himself during the recess, and makes that function relatively less important. A speech by a well-known statesman is likely to be as readable as a leading article in a newspaper, and is made more weighty by the speaker's position and responsibility. The ordinary citizen judges it for himself, and depends less and less on what his editor tells him. His judgment grows more independent; and, though he reads the paper as much as or more than he ever did before, he is apt to be less guided by it.

Another fact of moment is the greater relative importance which the press outside London has obtained of late years. Formerly it was only the London dailies that were supposed to exercise any considerable influence, or which were looked to to discover the sentiments of great parties. Now there are daily journals in some of the great cities—in Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee—which are as ably conducted as their London rivals, and which represent just as fairly the

sentiments of large sections of the population. They divide the influence of the press, and though none of them addresses so large an audience over all England as the *Times*, or *Standard*, or *Daily News*, or *Pall Mall Gazette*, their rise has sensibly affected the authority which those organs used to wield. Anybody who should think that he had got an adequate notion of British opinion by reading the London dailies would grossly err; and it amuses us here to see the way in which people in France and Germany continue to quote the *Times* and the *Standard* as authoritative exponents of tendencies of English opinion, when they might almost as well quote the *Manchester Examiner* or the *Liverpool Post*.

This change is of course more perceptible in the rest of the United Kingdom than in London, where only London papers are read, whereas elsewhere many people read both a London paper and a local one. Yet even in London the knowledge that the local press has grown abler and stronger affects the reader's mind. He knows that his London organ does not count for so much in the North or the West as it once did. He remembers that the majority of the London papers have several times lately been hopelessly wrong in their judgment of the thoughts and intentions of the nation. During the later part of Lord Beaconsfield's reign, his foreign policy was supported by the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* (which was then practically, although not nominally, a Conservative organ). The *Daily News* was the only morning daily paper of consequence (for the *Daily Chronicle* had not then reached its present position) which disapproved of the Tory policy. All the others declared, and believed, that the country was heartily with it. Yet the country decisively condemned it at the general election of 1880. Such a catastrophe has shaken the confidence of the Londoner in the infallibility of his advisers.

Further—although this is a point which may be deemed more doubtful—the press has become in the last two decades less impersonal than formerly. Everybody who cares to know can know who are the editors of all leading papers, whether in London or elsewhere, and even to some extent who are the chief writers on the staff of those papers. The articles they contain are therefore more and more regarded as expressing the opinions of this or that man—almost invariably an able man, whose opinion is well worth having, but, after all, only the opinion of an individual, or, if you add the editor to the leading-article writer, of two individuals. England is becoming so much smaller a country than formerly that the familiarity with the personnel of newspapers, as of other institutions, which used to be confined to a few people, and those in the capital, is now pretty widely diffused. Besides, we have so many political articles in so many magazines and reviews bearing the names of eminent persons, that the multitude of counsellors emancipates the public from its dependence on any. When a thinker or politician writes in a magazine under his name, as most now do, he does not claim to speak *ex cathedra*, but addresses arguments or appeals to the people, and makes them the judges of what he says. They acquire the habit of judging, and this habit reacts on their attitude toward the anonymous oracle of the breakfast-table. He too is judged, he is disagreed with more readily, and when he is agreed with it is with far less deference than would once have been accorded.

This seems to be the tendency which now rules

in England, and which (as has been said) co-exists with a rise in the moral strength and intellectual vivacity of the press throughout the country. As it has no bad effect on the press, nor prevents it from continuing to attract first-rate ability, it is probably a good tendency, rendering ordinary people somewhat more independent and less at the mercy of concealed advisers. It might become an evil if it went so far as to render men indifferent to the political part of their newspapers, but of this there is no sign. Leading articles are perhaps not so long as they used to be—several papers have taken to writing short smart ones; but as large a part of the paper is occupied by political subjects, and as much of its literary capacity is devoted to that department. The falling off is rather in the Parliamentary reports, which have now become very meagre except in the *Times*, and which even there deal liberally only with some eight or ten of the leading men. Parliament has doubtless overtaxed the patience of the country, and the newspapers are giving it a deserved punishment.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CHARLES DE RÉMUSAT—I.

PARIS, NOV. 8, 1883.

THE Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat have met with much success. They have thrown considerable light on the life of Bonaparte during the years of his Consulate and at the period of the establishment of the Empire. The son of Mme. de Rémusat, M. Charles de Rémusat had inherited all the amiable qualities of his mother. He took much part in the political life of France, under the reign of Louis Philippe, and became one of the lieutenants of M. Thiers. His philosophical and literary works, which are numerous, gave him a place in the French Academy, though they are probably not destined to live long. There are some men who are better than their books, others of whom it can be said that their books are better than themselves. M. de Rémusat belonged to the first class. His conversation was charming, he was winning, persuasive, clever; his books are somewhat misty and dull; his philosophy (for he was a philosopher) has no precise features. His works on Saint Anselm of Canterbury, on Abelard, on Bacon, are not exhaustive; his dramas (for he wrote two dramas), called "Abelard" and "Saint-Berthelemy," have not much life or movement.

Men like M. Charles de Rémusat, who are not found in their books, sometimes are found in their correspondence, as letters have often all the liberty, the familiarity, the ease of conversation. M. de Rémusat was the most brilliant of talkers; we have, therefore, perused with the greatest eagerness the first volume of his correspondence, which has just been published by his son, M. Paul de Rémusat. This first volume contains only letters which were written during the first years of the Restoration. This period, which followed the First Empire, has hitherto only been described by historians; its familiar life is hardly known, though it is so near us. We only have the amusing memoirs of M. Beugnot, as the memoirs of Talleyrand are still unpublished; Chateaubriand gives us some interesting details in his "Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe." The collection of memoirs on the nineteenth century is not yet very rich; and it may be that few "memoirs" are written in times when the newspapers give us daily details on all men and things.

The correspondence opens with a letter of Mme. de Rémusat's (the author of the Memoirs) to her son Charles, who is still at school in a *lycée*. The allied troops had just entered Paris;

young Rémusat had read Chateaubriand's pamphlet 'Bonaparte et les Bourbons,' and had judged it very severely, and his mother reprimanded him for speaking lightly of a man "who belongs to a respectable family, and who bears a name revered in France." Mme. de Rémusat approves of Chateaubriand's book, and will not even call it a pamphlet. "Your father and I have seen much of the Emperor. God is my witness that I have always forgiven him the harm he did me, but I have cruelly felt the harm which he did France. I have often seen your poor father, when we were alone in the evening, moved to tears, and inclined to leave him, but kept in his post by the idea that, in bearing everything, he worked for our future. Three months ago your father and I called for the reaction which has just taken place. It destroys our own situation; still it was the object of our desire." This was the moment when the marshals and generals had forced the Emperor to abdicate. The Emperor had struggled in vain. He had in vain made reservations for his son. The Senate had voted the reestablishment of the ancient monarchy. "Paris," writes Mme. de Rémusat to her son, "is full of French soldiers, who ask for bread; the Russian soldiers give them some of their own. Yesterday the conscription was abolished."

Young Rémusat was very precocious and clever. He wrote verses after the fashion of the poets of the eighteenth century. He left college in 1815, and was living with his father and mother in Paris when Bonaparte came back from Elba. On his journey the Emperor signed several decrees, and among them one exiling several persons. In the number was M. de Rémusat, who left immediately for Toulouse, where his wife and his son Charles joined him some time afterwards. While he was alone in Toulouse, Mme. de Rémusat wrote him some curious letters. "The Emperor works much; he shows himself, walks in the streets, holds reviews, holds many councils, shows great calmness. . . . It is said, he is much struck by the progress which the liberal spirit has made in France." The *Moniteur* published at that time some letters addressed by Talleyrand to Louis XVIII., when the King was still in England, and speaking of M. de Rémusat as of a man who could give him very valuable information on men and things, and advising him to keep him in his household. This note was known at the time by Napoleon, and was the cause of the decree which exiled M. de Rémusat from Paris.

Young Charles also wrote to his father. He was then, what we have always known him since, inclined to argue without any *parti-pris*, fond of paradoxes, caring little for his own opinions (if he had any opinions of his own), very sceptical, and having at the same time a *fonds* of invincible liberalism of a vague sort; ever ready to speak well of his enemies, and, what is more, to think well of them, ready also to criticize his friends—fugacious, gentle, yet obstinate, on the whole a very singular and extraordinary character. In 1815, before the invasion, he writes: "It seems to me that the chances for peace are more numerous than a few days ago." He writes also: "You know I have no ambition, and, if I can only pay 1,000 francs taxes, I am satisfied." To pay a thousand francs taxes was then to be eligible to the Chamber of Deputies.

Mme. de Rémusat was with her son in the South, at Lafitte, in the middle of June. She accepted cheerfully her exile from Paris; she enjoyed the rusticity of the old château, her pigs, her hens, the distant view of the Pyrenees, the great plain dotted with villages. She devoted most of her time to her son Charles, who wrote, read Homer and Virgil, made songs, and bore

his new life with much philosophy. She says to Mme. de Nansouty: "Always the same calm, the same pure sky; the fields become more yellow; and they occupy everybody in the country. . . . There is not a peasant who does not cast a melancholy look on his fields when they speak to him of marching on the enemy." Mme. de Rémusat sometimes makes deep reflections almost unconsciously: "My dear, the more I observe the inhabitants of the country, who are the great mass of the population, the more I see how few means of understanding there are between them and those who govern. . . . Out of three millions of men, two and a half, at least, do not understand anything in those speeches composed with so much care, those writings dictated or prepared in the room of any sovereign you choose. . . . A peasant asked me yesterday if it was true that the Emperor would marry the Duchess of Angoulême, and adopt the King, in order that the Spaniards should not cross the Adour."

The battle of Waterloo ended the exile of the Rémusats. Talleyrand was again minister, and by his influence M. de Rémusat had been named prefect of the Haute-Garonne. He went to Toulouse, and found there another prefect, appointed by the Duke of Angoulême. The disorder of the times explains such confusion. The letters of his wife show how ardent was the reaction against the Empire and its supporters. In the Royalist camp there were two parties—the pure Royalists, the partisans of the Duke of Angoulême, and the supporters of the Constitution. Charles de Rémusat went to Paris at the end of 1815, and began his law studies. His correspondence with his mother became regular from that moment. The young student writes to her about Marshal Ney: "M. Berryer has spoken as badly as possible; he is a lawyer *dans toute la force du terme*." This judgment of Berryer seems singularly harsh. The divisions in the South were furious. On his way through Nîmes, the Duke of Angoulême ordered that the Protestant churches should be opened. The Catholics of the town resisted the order, and in the tumult General Lagarde was struck by a ball. "We are in France," says Mme. de Rémusat, "the dupes of words. We have made Jacobins of our *Fédérés*, *Fédérés* of our Protestants, Huguenots of our Protestants. It seems as if we were again in the time of the League. I do not despair of hearing people speak, one of these days, of Albigenes. It seems very natural that the Catholics should have shut the Protestant churches in Nîmes, or burnt the houses of the Protestant merchants who lived there, and turned them out of town. People do not even blame much the murder of General Lagarde [who fortunately did not die from his wound], and are surprised that Monseigneur should come to the rescue of the *infidels* and of a French general." Passions, even now, run very high in Nîmes, and there is always a religious undercurrent in the politics of some cities of the South.

Speaking of the trial of Ney, Charles writes to his mother: "It is believed that the accused will be executed when you receive this letter. It appears that he will be beheaded. [Marshal Ney was shot in the Garden of the Luxembourg.] But it would not do for little ladies, at their fire-sides, to lift their blue eyes to the sky, and say: 'What a sweet satisfaction!'" From Toulouse, Mme. de Rémusat continued to direct every step of her son. She knew every book he read. There was between them the most amiable intimacy. He told her all the political news, reported what he heard at M. Pasquier's, M. Molé's, at Mme. de Rumford's. (She had been Mme. Lavoisier, and had married Rumford after

the death of her first husband.) Speaking of Humboldt, whom he saw at Mme. de Rumford's, he says: "He is a great talker, and an amusing one. It vexed me when I heard him, with a sort of generosity, pitying France, praising her, defending her, and attacking the policy of his own government on every point, with a tone of contempt." Of Mme. Récamier, he says: "I found her handsome, but not more so than others. She said nothing, or only a few words, so I took her for a young person, recently married, during the first part of the visit, and I was disappointed when I heard her name. She seems always to want people to think that she is herself. Understand, if you can."

The letters of the mother at this time are decidedly better than those of the son: they have much grace, much fluidity of thought and of expression. Her *esprit* is of the best sort: "Between sovereigns one speaks only *à coups de canon*, and we have no guns left. The coming generation will repair this." Speaking of the last century, she says: "It was still possible then to say: '*le bon temps que le siècle de fer*' [a verse of Voltaire's]; now we can say nothing at all." Speaking of constitutional government, she says: "We have only the façade of English institutions; when we look behind, we don't understand anything."

Correspondence.

TRADE UNION MORALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with what appeared in your columns on Thursday in regard to "Trade-Union Morality," I should like to call your attention and that of your readers to the following, which appears from time to time in the *Star* of this city:

"HOUSE PAINTERS.—At the last meeting of the Union it was decided to boycott the *Post* until it becomes a Union paper, and request all persons that support said paper to stop the same or you will refuse to deal with them. By order of the Painters' Union."

Persons of wealth who are intending to reside in Washington will either be compelled to bring well-principled tradesmen here, or be prepared for insult, for work undertaken and relinquished at will, or for wilful injury to property whenever it is discovered that a patron is not on the side of the "Union."

Very truly yours,

CAROLINE H. DALL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 23, 1883.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express my admiration and gratitude for the excellent article which occupies the leading position in this week's *Nation*. If one were to write you whenever those feelings were excited in a very high degree by the *Nation's* utterances, he would impose an insufferable burden upon your time; but one may perhaps be excused for giving expression to them in this instance, where a personal element enters into the matter, and where nevertheless that combination of lucidity and force and lofty morality, with moderation and humanity, which the *Nation* has made familiar to its readers, is so conspicuously present. It is sad to reflect how much the condition of mankind could be improved, both materially and morally, if men in general could feel a tinge of the spirit which animates your article; but one may trust that even a single article like yours, coming home to men's hearts as only that which arises from concrete

facts can, is capable of permanently impressing some, at least, of its readers with truer views of the rights and duties of both laborers and capitalists.—Sincerely yours,

FABIAN FRANKLIN.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 23, 1883.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article in the *Nation* of Nov. 15th concerning "The Senior Society Evil at Yale" so interested me, in common with the great majority of students here, that I ask space to bring out some few facts but briefly hinted at in the former article. At once I hasten to correct an opinion, which seems to have crept into the minds of many, that the real appreciation of this evil is confined to those outside the societies, and perhaps is strongest among those who but just failed of an election. Such, however, is not the case. The societies create an aristocracy, false though it be, and apparently are so powerful that it is only in very rare instances that men are unselfish and brave enough to sacrifice what seems likely to be of great personal advantage for the sake of what they themselves believe to be the best interest of Yale. I know of men, now forever silent on the question since they are of the elect, who were saying in the words of one member, spoken just before election: "I tell you, senior societies are the moral rottenness of Yale College, and I shall think the same after I get in." There have been refusals of an election—yes, and there have been men, even after election, and when the system in all its moral wrong and political chicanery became known to them, who were brave enough to resign such questionable honor.

We can only judge of these societies by their results, and by the influence which they exert over the College. From the entrance in freshman year, so soon as the power of these societies has begun to be realized by the incoming class, and the means of obtaining an election have begun to be appreciated, the whole energy of a goodly number is bent upon securing this one end. And, alas, in the great majority of instances the means employed are those of "jolly good-fellowship," which, in the language of fact, is simply dissipation and indolence. I know of men whose whole moral nature has been radically changed simply from their endeavors to remain intimate with the "gang" who manage the elections, and to remain in whose good graces demands a sympathy in their tastes and practices which are too often of a dubious nature. The most actively religious man in college to-day said to me: "There can be no doubt that so far as college position goes, the man who drinks has a great advantage over the temperate man."

That men will so forget their self respect and gentlemanly instincts as to lose independence of word and action, and almost of thought, in order carefully to refrain from creating any adverse opinion among the society men of the senior class, is a lamentable but well-known fact. As I looked out on the campus, but a day or two ago, I had pointed out to me a prominent member of the senior class. "That man," said an old friend and chum of his, "is a totally different man to-day from what he would have been had senior societies not existed here. From his freshman year he has worked in every conceivable manner to improve his 'chances,' and it has changed him completely." This is but one example taken from a score.

Did I dare trespass upon your space further, I should like to leave for a moment the moral side of the question, and with the former writer

speak of the absolute control of the College press; and of the support of the Faculty, who, among the younger members, in many instances ridiculously show their society pins upon their vests to the admiring undergraduates. I would speak, too, of the lack of interest in literature and athletics, except as they can be used for a means to secure the desired end; but I forbear to speak of these. At least there is no graduate of this college who does not fully understand and appreciate the facts herein stated, and they are but the incomplete examples of a long list of facts disgraceful and detrimental to "old Yale."

The time has come when such evils, long kept from the light, demand examination, and, in the name of the undergraduates here at Yale, I also call upon Alumni, Corporation, and Faculty for a careful investigation, and such action as shall then become necessary.

SENIOR.

YALE COLLEGE, NOV. 19, 1883.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is with deep regret that the students of Yale read the communication in your last number with the above heading. Such an article does very great harm to the College, and accomplishes no compensating good, while it fails altogether to express the sentiments of the students or, presumably, of the Faculty.

There is now no ill-feeling against the societies except among the very small number in the senior class who constitute the sorehead element. Does the author wish to bring back the state of feeling that prevailed four or five years ago, when hostilities were so bitter that the locks and fences of the society halls were broken? In these feuds, whichever side gains the victory, the College suffers the harm.

By looking only at the faults of the societies, by exaggerating and misstating facts, your correspondent has drawn a gloomy picture, well calculated to deceive any one who is not intimately acquainted with the true state of affairs here. I shall not attempt to refute his arguments in detail, but one or two seem important enough to deserve a word of explanation.

It ought to be the glory of Yale journalism that such an article as your correspondent's cannot appear in any of the College publications. There are thirteen secret societies here, and more than one hundred other organizations of an athletic, literary, or social character, and not one of them is ever attacked by any Yale publication. It was not many years ago that the College papers were open to such articles, and much ill-feeling and harm to the College was the result. We earnestly hope that the papers will continue in their present course in this respect. So much for the freedom of the press.

Your correspondent says that the quality of study deteriorates after the senior society elections. Of course it does. The elections occur in the latter part of May, when the weather is warm, athletic sports are flourishing, and "spring fever" affects us all more or less. The Faculty tacitly acknowledge the increased difficulty of study by decreasing more or less the amount of study required in all the classes. It is nonsense to charge this to the senior societies.

In other cases your correspondent has obviously allowed the personal prejudice or the sorehead feeling of graduates to form the basis of his argument against the societies. You can make an argument against anything in that way.

He has by no means thrown the burden of proof on the other side. Societies to which "half" the Faculty belong; to which the most distinguished graduates, ministers, lawyers, men of business, return with the utmost pleasure

year after year; of which the best men in every class are glad to become members; to which religious men can consistently belong—such societies are not to be condemned with no more authority than the word of a man whose manner of relating facts strongly provokes us to suspect his motives.

The writer is not a member of any secret society, and does not expect to be.

M. M.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, "Yale," is entitled to the thanks of all interested in the welfare of colleges and college students for his statements concerning the evils caused by the secret societies of Yale College. But what he says applies with local variations to Harvard College, where the secret societies have also become a nuisance. Offensive class distinctions are fostered by them, and their initiations combine the barbarous and the ridiculous, and, to a considerable extent, take the place of "hazing" for many to whom that old-fashioned amusement, so long tolerated and half approved by former generations, would be a delight. Many young men spend a large part of their time in trying to ingratiate themselves with those who control the elections, interfering seriously with their studies and not improving their characters. Those who confine themselves to one clique in a class lose in large degree the opportunity of the study of the wide range of character that a college class affords, and their experiences and sympathies are of a narrower range.

Of course, one must in some way learn to resist temptation, but boys fresh from great boarding-schools, where they are subject to the tyranny of certain members of their class, or to its strange public opinion, are too much in the moral condition of sheep that follow their leader in jumping over a wall, to be exposed needlessly to the trials that beset adult life.

It seems hopeless to appeal to the good sense of the undergraduates themselves; the graduates are often inclined to look with favor on an abuse in which in earlier days they shared, while the governments of the colleges, which have at times prohibited secret societies, hesitate to apply such a remedy, which, like prohibition of drinking, is very imperfectly effective. It may be desirable that parents should forbid their sons joining these secret societies, which often do much harm. I know that it is not the fashion for parents to forbid, but they can control in this matter by ceasing to pay bills, and colleges are largely dependent upon graduates and parents of graduates for funds. I fear that, nothing but an appeal to a public opinion wider even than that of the graduates will produce any effect.

A HARVARD GRADUATE.

GOODNESS AND THE THEATRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent number of the *Nation* (which I remailed to Europe, and hence cannot quote verbatim from), you referred to certain remarks of Dr. T. L. Cuyler on the theatre, in terms well adapted to make the impression that Dr. Cuyler's habits of thought and notions of "good" make it natural that he, and those of his "class," should be hard to please when the subject of the theatre is in hand. But I must confess that the dress in which your editorial set him up made him look wonderfully like Edwin Booth, in language over his own name in the *Christian Union* a few years ago: "My knowledge of the modern drama is so very

meagre that I never permit my wife or daughter to witness a play without previously ascertaining its character."

Dr. Cuyler, in your dress, reminded me also of the late W. C. Macready, in his own words, "None of my children shall ever, with my consent, or on any pretence, enter a theatre or have any visiting connection with actors or actresses." Mr. Booth's language, while characterized by the moderation of thoughtfulness, clearly indicates a justifiable suspicion of all theatrical plays. And that especially appears when he adds, "If the management of theatres could be denied to speculators, and placed in the hands of the actors who value their reputation and respect their calling, the stage would at least afford healthy recreation, if not indeed a wholesome stimulus to the exercise of noble sentiments" (very large *ifs*). "But while," Mr. Booth adds, "the theatre is permitted to be a mere shop for gain, open to every huckster of immoral gimcracks, there is no other way to discriminate the pure from the base than through the experience of others." This would seem to justify Dr. Cuyler's caution to the young to hold cautiously back, and his intimation that "good" mothers are happy when sure that their children are not in the theatre.

Whatever else may be laid to the charge of Dr. Howard Crosby, few, I think, esteem him narrow. But he has said, "As they (theatres) are, I pronounce them satanic and soul-destroying." And an actress meets Mr. Booth's customary caution for his wife and daughter with the suggestion, that she knows, from having been behind the curtain, that the play which is rendered purely one night, with the knowledge that certain persons are present, will be rendered impurely the next night.—Respectfully yours,

JAMES H. TAYLOR.

ROME, N. Y., November 14, 1883.

CONGRESS AND THE NAVY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for November 1 you print a letter from a correspondent, under the heading, "What Congress should do next for the Navy." Although the argument, therein set forth, to show why Congress should take means to increase the effective power of our navy is in no respect new, yet it contains some points which should not be allowed to pass without comment. The writer says that—

"The well-known defenceless state of our coasts would cause offensive action, which, under other circumstances, would not be thought of, and, in the event of war, would lead to an attack upon our rich maritime cities. These would present themselves as tempting prizes to even moderately powerful naval nations, and before we could realize that war was upon us, we might find an enemy's fleet levying tribute from our largest ports."

Now, although the occurrence of this state of things may be barely possible, it seems to me to be extremely improbable. It would certainly be a very short-sighted policy for any nation to pursue. For even supposing it could take possession of one or more of our principal seaports, it is plainly evident that it could take possession of nothing more, and would eventually be obliged to abandon even these. The idea of a European state transporting an army sufficient to retain even a small portion of this country, for any length of time, is wholly out of the question. Hence I say it would be a poor policy to attack us at home, a thing which without good reason no nation would be likely to do.

Thus, after calculating the chances, we find the likelihood of such an event occurring too small to justify us in building up and supporting an elaborate and costly navy. But now suppos-

the event did really occur while our naval forces are in their present condition. What would be the result? Undoubtedly, there would be considerable property destroyed. As your correspondent indicates, an enemy might levy tribute from our rich maritime cities. But, as already stated, this could be but temporary, and let it be remembered that the very existence of such rich cities as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., is largely due to the fact that the people have not in the past been obliged to expend their energy in keeping up an extensive military system, but have been left free to direct their labor toward the production of that which is of some use. An enemy could scarcely leave us in a worse condition than we should now be in, had our fathers deemed it necessary to maintain a military force similar to that of Germany or France. Our maritime cities would not be what they are now had this been done. The building up of an expensive navy now would be paying a very high premium for our insurance. It would be robbing the people in order to obtain means to protect, and, as we have seen, to protect them from an imaginary danger. Of course, if it could be proved that a greater fighting force is actually necessary to protect us from foreign invasion, the case would be different. No one would like to see the country tamely submit to any depredations a European army might commit. But a people that were not disposed to submit to being robbed by foreigners, would not be inclined to submit to being robbed by their own countrymen. In other words, those who would refuse to give up their property at the demand of a band of invaders, would be apt to refuse a like demand from a meddlesome Congress.

Then, again, there is another reason why our army and navy should not be increased. As a carnivore develops teeth and claws, he at the same time develops a desire to use them; so, with a race of men, the more confidence the people have in the effectuality of their military and naval systems, the less provocation is required to induce them to go to war. They will find reasons for conflict which, if these systems had been weak, would not have been thought of. Thus, by increasing our fighting qualities, instead of furthering the possibility of peace in the future, as your correspondent thinks it would, it would directly augment the probability of war. Your correspondent trusts that Congress will not be allowed to remain satisfied with the building of a few commerce-destroyers. I suppose that it would be too much to expect, at the present stage of civilization, that a body of representatives could be induced to turn their whole attention to the production of commerce, rather than its destruction; but every step taken in this direction must be considered as an advance, and every step in the opposite direction as a retrogression.—Yours truly,

J. EDWARD CHAPPEL.

WARSAW, N. Y., November 20, 1883.

GENERAL BUTLER AT BALTIMORE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent "G. B." has fallen into a trifling error in his reference to General Butler's achievements in Maryland. The General did not command the Fifth, but the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment; and he did not lead them through Baltimore at all, but carried his troops from Philadelphia by rail to Perryville at the head of the Bay, and thence by steamboat to Annapolis. Here he wrote a letter to Gov. Hicks, in a decidedly apologetic tone, asking permission to land his men and "to pass quickly through the State on my way to Washington,

respecting private property and paying for what I receive."

Gov. Hicks protested; but Gen. Butler, being reinforced the next day by the Seventh New York Regiment, felt strong enough to disregard his protest, and carried his men by rail from Annapolis to Washington.

On May 5, the General, having been further reinforced, and provided with artillery, moved as near Baltimore as the Relay House (about seven miles off), and there fortified himself. It was here that the memorable case of stomach-ache occurred, and his "strychnine order" in consequence, which gave the material for the local farce, "Gudgeons at the Relay."

The General, as became a prudent commander, did not venture his person in Baltimore until he thought himself safe. On the night of the 13th of May, he passed quietly through the southern portion of the city, and intrenched himself on Federal Hill. On the next day he was recalled to Washington and rebuked by Gen. Scott for his deed of "derring do"; and, on the 16th, was put in command of the Department of Fortress Monroe.—I am, sir, etc.,

A BALTIMOREAN.

THE CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One very important advantage that accrues from the study of the ancient classics seems to me to have been overlooked by its advocates. I allude to the great amount of time which, in the study of a dead language, is necessarily devoted to one book. When studying Grecian or Roman history, for example, in an English translation, most students would commit their lessons to memory—an easy task for the generality of minds. In this case the facts are not indelibly impressed on his mind, as they would be if he were to read the same facts in the original Greek or Latin. In the latter case the student does not memorize his author at all. He reads his lesson frequently without much voluntary exercise of the memory. He learns the author's peculiarities of diction; he learns, indeed, a great deal more from the same pages than if he had committed the whole to memory in an English translation.

Suppose the class were reading Virgil's 'Æneid': an English translation would convey to their minds at once the facts of the poem more clearly than they would gain them from the Latin, until after many days' study. It is a very natural conclusion that there is just so much time wasted as the excess required for reading the same poem in Latin. But the facts are of very little importance, except as a source of the interest they awaken in the student's mind. The advantages derived from the perusal of this poem and this author are like those which a young person derives from frequent intercourse with a man of superior knowledge, culture, and ability. The student becomes familiar with the author's merits as a poet, and his graces of diction, which are not the less useful in the Latin than if they were in English.

But would not the same close and long-continued attention to the pages of a good modern author be attended with equal advantages? Admitting that it might be so, we know that no such close and long-continued attention could ever be devoted by a class to an author in any of the modern languages, because they are so easily acquired. We must remember also that the modern languages are less artificial than the Greek and Latin, and do not admit of the same perfections of style; and it may be added that modern authors do not strive to attain to that degree of perfection that distinguishes the best

Latin and Greek authors. The rhetorical beauties of these authors are indeed almost unintelligible to a modern intellect which has been trained in our loose and illogical vernacular. The modern languages are better adapted to a certain style of popular eloquence than the artificial and highly intellectual languages of the classics. Indeed, by a large class of authors and critics the rhetorical simplicity of the ancients is despised. "All ages," says M. Renan, "have had their inferior literature; but the great danger of our time is that this inferior literature tends more and more to get the upper place." There is nothing like the study of the ancient classics to counteract this tendency. The classics are indeed, as it were, an anchor that prevents modern literature from flying off utterly into that "limbo" where rules are neither used nor understood.

The present century has produced works, especially in science, superior to any ancient works, and more profitable for knowledge; but they cannot be studied with the same benefit as a means of mental discipline. If a student spends a whole year in reading Virgil's *'Æneid,'* or an oration of Lysias or Isocrates, it seems as if he were wasting his time. Those who think so have not sufficiently considered the practical wisdom suggested by the proverb, "Beware of the man of one book." A comprehensive reading of modern authors gives one a copiousness of diction which cannot be acquired by any other means. It affords one also a greater variety of intellectual tools. But that course of training which gives copiousness of diction, though very desirable on many accounts, is not favorable to the logical faculties or to the clearness of the understanding. The most logical minds express their ideas with the greatest simplicity of diction.

There is a liberal and a pedagogical way of studying the classics, and less good mental discipline results from the study of mere grammatical forms and construction than from a close attention to the style and matter of the best authors. It seems to me, therefore, an error to suppose that accurate grammatical scholars alone derive benefit from the study of the classics. Indeed, the highest scholars, as estimated by a mere pedagogue, may not be improved by these studies so much as those intelligent pupils who give their attention chiefly to the author's graces of style and justness of thought, and who thereby become imbued with some of that fine discrimination which distinguished that most intellectual of all nations, the ancient Grecians.

The whole gist of the subject is given in a single sentence from Matthew Arnold. Speaking of the classics, he says:

"They can help cure us of what seems to me the great vice of our literature, manifesting itself in incredible vagaries in literature, in art, in religion, in morals, namely: that it is fantastic and wants sanity. Sanity—that is the great virtue of ancient literature; the want of that is the great defect of the modern, in spite of all its variety and power. It is impossible to read carefully the great ancients without losing some portion of our caprice and eccentricity."

WILSON FLAGG.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOV. 14.

Notes.

THE next issue of the "Library of Aboriginal American Literature," published by Dr. D. G. Brinton, Philadelphia, will be 'The Comedy of Gueguence,' a play written and acted by the natives of Nicaragua. It dates from the 17th century, and is written in a curious dialect, half Aztec and half Spanish. It will be ready early in December.

Mr. G. E. Woodberry, being engaged on a Life of Edgar A. Poe for the "American Men of Letters" series, requests the loan of copies of any autograph letters by Poe (however unimportant they may seem), many of which are believed to exist in private collections. None will be published without the explicit consent of the owner. Mr. Woodberry's address is Beverly, Mass.

John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, publish immediately 'The Elements of Botany,' by Prof. W. A. Kellerman, of the Kansas State Agricultural College.

To the fourth edition of his 'Mikado's Empire' (Harper & Bros.) Professor Griffis has added a supplementary chapter, "Japan in 1883."

We notice elsewhere at length the 'Diplomatic History of the War for the Union.' The publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have brought it out both separately and as a fifth volume in the series of Seward's Works, edited by Mr. George E. Baker, which was begun as far back as 1883, or, in other words, in Mr. Seward's lifetime and prime. The fourth volume appeared in 1861. The record is now complete, and there is hardly any other similar monument of American statesmanship which has a more enduring value for the historical student. The reading of Mr. Seward's speeches in the period before the war is and will long be a high course in political education.

Roberts Bros. have added to their "Classic Series" Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with good excuse, as they reproduce in facsimile the title, pages and curious illustrations of the first edition, which recall the block-books of the ante-Gutenberg period; and 'Robinson Crusoe,' with Stothard's designs, and a bibliographical introduction by Austin Dobson.

The "Merchant of Venice," from Charles and Mary Lamb's 'Tales from Shakespeare,' and the play itself, edited by the Rev. H. N. Hudson, makes the latest volume in the "Classics for Children," published by Ginn & Heath.

The "Temple Edition" of 'The Essays of Elia,' which G. P. Putnam's Sons issue for the holidays, compares well with its predecessors, of which the number is already so great. The volume is solidly manufactured, and, with its broad margins, is nearly square in shape. It is not, therefore, meant for the hand, or for familiar desultory reading. The type is large and the impression clear. But what gives the book its chief individuality is its illustrations—a steel engraving of the portrait of Lamb after Hazlitt's painting, and eight etchings by American artists. These are partly imaginative, like Mr. Smillie's "Sun-Dial" and "Detached Thoughts on Books," partly topographical; and here we think Mr. C. A. Platt takes the palm with his picturesque "Oxford," "Inner Temple Lane," and "Tombs in Westminster Abbey." Mr. F. S. Church supplies the one touch of humor by figuring the wrath of the Chinese father at his son's enjoyment of roast pig, and is at his best. There are also two etchings by Mr. R. Swain Gifford, and the whole series is above the average of those usual in American books. This edition should be sure of a welcome.

We lately noticed the prospectus of a little "Bibliotheca Curiosa," to be edited by Mr. Edmund Goldsmid, and published at Edinburgh, or rather, "privately printed" for subscribers. The moderate prices announced indicated a relatively unpretentious *édition de luxe*, and this is confirmed by the first of the series now before us. It is a reprint of Charles II.'s account of his escape to France after the battle of Worcester,

as dictated by himself to Mr. Pepys, and preserved among the latter's MSS. in Magdalen College, Cambridge. This interesting narrative first saw the light in 1766. It fills less than forty pages in its present handy and comely form, the print being small but very clear, and the typography irreproachable. The title page is rubricated, and there is a parchment wrap for the paper covers. Mr. Goldsmid's notes are brief and not excessive in number, and imply that the "Bibliotheca" is intended to be read, and not merely hoarded among a book-lover's treasures.

It was last year, we think, that the practice began of converting a certain class of holiday books—single poems illustrated to the utmost—into a cross between the valentine and the Christmas card. The covers, in other words, are of colored and illuminated card-board, with silk fringes. Such is the set which comes to us from Lee & Shepard, Boston, and which embraces "The Lord is my Shepherd," "Cutflow Must Not Ring To-night," "It was the Calm and Silent Night," "My Faith Looks up to Thee," "That Glorious Song of Old," and "Come into the Garden, Maud." Concerning the merits—not very extravagant—of all of these we have had our say in former years.

The fourteenth of the ever extending line of indexes prepared by Mr. W. M. Griswold, of the Library of Congress, is a general alphabetic Table of subjects, names, and authors in volumes 193-208 of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and volumes 1-21 of the *Nouvelle Revue* (Bangor, Q. F. Index; London: Trubner & Co.). The term covered by the former periodical is from 1870 to 1883 inclusive. As is well known, the so-called 'Table Alphabétique,' published by the *Revue* itself in 1875, is a wilderness for purposes of reference, for under authors and topics, which are arranged alphabetically, the entries are chronological. Such a method is of course antiquated, and Mr. Griswold furnishes quite a different key partly to the same matters (1870-74), partly to what have come after—roughly speaking, to the contents of the *Revue* during the Republican epoch. Mr. Griswold, as an international missionary of the reformed spelling, retains the autographical peculiarities of his other indexes, as (to cite the more perplexing) "fonografe," "fysiologie," etc.

Students of English history are to be congratulated on the revised and cheaper edition of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's great work (Longmans). It is announced as to be in ten volumes, extending from 1603 to 1642, covering the ground of the ten original volumes. Four volumes have already appeared, coming down to 1623. This is the period covered by the two works—"History of England to the Disgrace of Coke," and "The Spanish Marriage." Any one acquainted with Mr. Gardiner's methods as an historian would feel sure that the revision is made with the most conscientious care; a preface to each volume states the new materials made use of in the revision. The principal part of the introduction to the original first volume, giving "a somewhat lengthy sketch of English history down to the death of Elizabeth, . . . is now omitted, partly because it seems out of place, and partly because I have recently given it to the world in a more mature form, in an 'Introduction to the Study of English History,' written by me in conjunction with Mr. J. Bass Mullinger." Among the new sources of information mentioned in the preface are Spedding's edition of Bacon's 'Letters and Life,' which is "simply invaluable to the historian of Bacon's period"; new volumes of the *Calendar of State Papers*; numerous manuscript collections; transcripts from the Venetian archives,

etc. The foot-notes, containing references to authorities, are not numerous but judicious. The importance of these four volumes is all the greater because the reign of James I. has been rather neglected by historians, coming between the familiar events of Elizabeth's reign and those of Charles I., which have been so abundantly described. But the reign of Charles I. cannot be fully understood without that of his father, for it was now that the seeds were sown which afterwards bore so bitter fruit.

A new novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the author of 'Mr. Isaacs' and 'Dr. Claudius,' is about to be published in London by Chapman & Hall. It is called 'To Leeward,' and is of a different kind from any of this writer's previous works, being described as "the analysis of a social drama," and ending—as the title implies—in a catastrophe. The scene is laid entirely in Italy, principally at Sorrento, and the action is concerned with the career "to leeward" of the heroine, who is the daughter of an English mother and a Russian father, married to a worthy Italian count, and whose life is wrecked for want of a certain anchor which is left out of sight in the scheme of contemporary social life—at least upon the Continent. What the anchor is may be gathered from the phrase *ex nihilo nihil*, which was originally intended for the title. The story is said to contain Mr. Crawford's most entertaining and vigorous writing. The American publishers will probably be Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The "Birds" of Aristophanes is being produced by a company of undergraduates in the St. Andrew's Hall, Cambridge, England, for five nights, beginning on the 26th instant. As before, the enterprise is under the management of Dr. Charles Waldstein, of King's College, who has specially devised some stage dances for the occasion and has directed the designing of the costumes. Mr. John O'Connor, whose scene for the "Ajax" was so effective last year, is again painting the scenery, and the music has been composed by Mr. Hubert Parry. The "Agamemnon" at Oxford, the "Edipus" at Harvard, and the "Ajax" at Cambridge have abundantly proved the power and interest of Greek tragedy; it remains to be seen whether the humor of Aristophanes will be equally appreciated by a modern audience.

Mr. Fred W. Foster is now contributing to *Notes and Queries* an interesting "Bibliography of Beauty Theories," chronologically arranged.

The inauguration of Gustave Doré's statue of Alexandre Dumas has called forth a flood of reminiscence. The most elaborate attempt is a study of Dumas's work by M. Blaze de Bury, now publishing in the *Figaro*. Richer in personal detail is an account of Dumas's last days, published in the *Revue Critique* and written by M. Benjamin Pifteau, who was one of his secretaries. From a letter of M. Cherville's in the *Temps* of October 22, it seems that Dumas had four secretaries, one of whom was specially charged with the care of his creditors.

—The perennial subject of Washington society, after having been discussed sensibly and very readably by Mr. D. D. Lloyd, the *Tribune* correspondent, in the October *Manhattan*, comes up again in the December *Atlantic*, this time in the hands of Mr. H. L. Nelson. Mr. Nelson thinks the society of the capital has been maligned, especially by the authors of three novels which he names; but it seems to us that many of his points are not well taken. We are far from disputing the fact that charming non-official society exists in Washington; but when Mr. Nelson asserts that this portion of Washington society is predominant in any sense, except that of

deserving to be, he certainly is in error. "There is a vulgar side to Washington society," he says; "there is a vulgar side to the society of every city in the country. There are coarse and untrained people even in Boston," and so on. True, but in Washington these "coarse and untrained" people have, so long as it lasts, great power, of which they are fully conscious. They feel, and not without reason, that Washington is theirs, and that the "cultivated" people live and move in Washington only through their sufferance. As to corruption, we believe as little as Mr. Nelson that Washington ladies aid or abet it; but then we should not say, as he does, that they "hate" it. Familiarity breeds contempt, and association with jobbers and knowledge of their schemes, however startling at first, in time makes both appear in the natural order of things. This state of mind is not, of course, peculiar to Washington—the condoning of jobbery, as well as of railway frauds and bank defalcations, is common throughout the country; but in Washington there are ten persons with something peculiar in their "record" to one elsewhere—which fact is often consistent with their being well worth knowing, and proportionately sought. In seeking to show that politics, in one shape or another, is not the ever-present interest in Washington, Mr. Nelson assumes what would be possible only on the supposition that there is in Washington a coterie, sufficiently large to be called "society," which occupies the same relative position as the French royalists; and this, we think, is not the case. "The stock Congressman of writers of fiction," he further remarks, "does not exist. He cannot even be compiled from the vices of all the wicked men who have cajoled their constituents into voting for them." Yet this was precisely the answer—and a very good answer—made by the Congressional world to the truthfulness of the hero of 'Democracy,' as a type—that the character was a patchwork of incidents from the lives of Douglas, Seward, Morton, and some others—the singular parallelism of an important episode to an event in the life of Mr. Blaine being in anticipation of the fact. We are of the opinion, moreover, that if Mr. Nelson will frequent the lobbies of the Capitol as much as he apparently has done the drawing-rooms of the West End, he will not be long in discovering the "stock Congressman" aforesaid, and in finding in him social traits which no novelist would venture to put upon his pages.

—The State Charities Aid Association has the legal right to visit, inspect, and examine all charitable institutions supported at the public charge in this State, and it is required to make an annual report to the State Board of Charities. Very recently it has published a small and excellent 'Handbook for Hospitals,' primarily for the use of its visitors. It is also a public good. It must be of peculiar value for those benevolent persons who officially inspect these collective homes of the sick, often without accurate knowledge as to what should and should not be. There are few more embarrassing positions in which to put a well meaning man than to make him an inspector of a special service to which he has not been educated. Study of this book will divert inquisitive energy into profitable channels. But its peculiar value—and in this it stands apart in secular literature, so far as we know—is that it gives in small compass and plain language nearly all the information that a local organization would require in establishing and successfully managing a minor or village hospital. It wisely suggests that such an institution be called a House of Mercy, or Sheltering Arms, or by some similar title, to divert the ordinary association of hospital from those whom it would benefit.

It is not difficult to buy a house and call it a hospital and to find a physician to prescribe gratuitously for its inmates. But it is very hard to find a person competent to plan a building, and especially to manage it, in the proper interest of the sick. This little book is a stimulus to such work, and at the same time it shows the way. We may not quote, for want of space, some of the pithy remarks that are scattered through it. It properly praises the common-sense virtues, and deprecates equally machine charity and intemperate sweeping, while extolling the brotherhood of man and insisting on eternal vigilance as the price of health and cleanliness. Perhaps it has an undue bias toward exalting the "head nurse" at the expense of the "young doctor," but the latter will probably outgrow it. A secondary motive that runs through the book is its showing the extreme adaptability of women as hospital managers, concerning which, not accepting the accomplished writer as an average example, there may be two opinions.

—The magnificent scientific bequests of the late Mr. Lick of California are within the memory of all. The chief specific amount was to be devoted to the construction of a telescope of extreme power, and the equipment of an Observatory on Mount Hamilton, California, and was no less than seven hundred thousand dollars. After the complete payment of all the specified bequests, the residue is, by the terms of the deed of trust, to be divided between the California Academy of Sciences and the Society of the Pioneers. The vexatious suits entered upon by the supposed heirs of Mr. Lick were successively decided by the courts, and at last a definite construction of the deed of trust was made by the Supreme Court of California, from which there is naturally no appeal, and in pursuance of which the Trustees are now acting. Thus far, their energies have been largely concentrated on the execution of the Observatory trust, and they have expended therefor the sum of \$155,000, up to the 1st of October. This expenditure has given them already a well-equipped Observatory on the summit of a bleak mountain, nearly a mile above the sea, and twenty-six miles from the nearest town, and their instruments have already made very valuable contributions to astronomy on the occasions of the last transits of Mercury and Venus. This same amount includes several payments on the large instruments not yet received from the makers, the construction of comfortable dwellings near the summit, and the provision of an ample water-supply in complete working order at that great elevation. Any one who has visited the mountain cannot fail to have noticed how thoroughly the Trustees have done all their work, and his chief query is how so much has been accomplished for so small a sum. The Trustees anticipate the completion of their labors connected with the Observatory on the expenditure of about one-half the entire amount of the bequest therefor, thus leaving about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for an endowment fund for the support of the Observatory perpetually. The wisdom of the Trustees in the execution of their policy, under the presidency of Mr. Richard S. Floyd, is very apparent when looked at without prejudice. Had they sold their enormous properties as soon as the litigations were over, and at the time of a great shrinkage in the values of the real estate involved, the residuary legatees must have received nothing from Mr. Lick's bequest. The comparatively recent growth in the valuation of the properties held by the Trust will now give the Pioneers and the Academy nearly one hundred thousand dollars each; and it is impossible to recognize, in the lack of immediate benefit, any sufficient

ground for their continued attacks upon the Trustees, with which the San Francisco papers are periodically flooded. Obviously their complaints are entirely to no purpose, for the Trustees are acting in pursuance of the orders of the courts, and a disobedience of these orders would insure their speedy dislodgment from their very responsible positions. A late number of *Science* reviews the policy of the Trustees, making it plainly evident that their administration of Mr. Lick's estate is, thus far, worthy of the highest commendation.

—Mr. John Morley's successor in the editorial chair of the London *Pall Mall Gazette* is a gentleman who is described as having a genius for newspaper editing, and during the short time that he has occupied the position he has introduced a number of original and admirable features. First among the novelties came the habit of illustrating any article or despatch with a diagram, map, or illustration, as might be most appropriate, in most cases apparently set up by the compositor with the means at his disposal, from rough sketches probably embodied in the "copy" sent up. Next it became evident that some one of a mathematical and statistical turn of mind had joined the staff, for a series of comparative statistical abstracts and tabular views of all kinds began to appear. These are frequently very original and instructive, and the most striking of them has been a series of tabular views of the "tips" for the great English races given by the sporting prophets of a large number of newspapers, compared with the actual results of the races, thereby affording absolute and crushing demonstration of the utter untrustworthiness of the forecasts. This ruthless application of mathematics to sport has naturally provoked much anger among the racing community. Another innovation is the presence of a signed article by some well-known writer in almost every issue. A great success has been achieved by a number of short popular guides or handbooks, at twopenny each. These have been a 'Guide to the Royal Academy,' a 'Handbook of the Cholera,' a 'Guide to the Fisheries Exhibition,' and another just announced—'Christmas Presents: What to Buy, and Where.' These are called *Pall Mall Gazette* Extras, like the *Tribune* Extras, and of the one on the Fisheries Exhibition no fewer than 158,000 copies were sold. Among other new features, a daily list of books and pamphlets received during the preceding twenty-four hours is not the least convenient. With such clever editing and its dignified and cultivated tone, it is not too much to say that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as the mouthpiece of advanced Liberalism, is the most satisfactory daily newspaper in England at the present time. Politics apart, the *Standard* is by far the best London morning daily.

—Mr. Archibald Forbes, in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, gives to the readers of that journal a very suggestive article on "The Present and Future of the Australasian Colonies." The interest of his discussion centres in the following points: In the first place, his observation teaches him that the love of the people in those remote colonies "for Victoria and her race, has a glow of personal warmth in it such as does not usually burn among subjects clustered closer on the confines of the royal circle." He found that every public speaker who would sit down on good terms with his audience would "weave into his peroration expressions of devotion to the Crown, of congratulation that Australia lives under the flag of 'the Empire,' and of fervent hope that this shall ever be so." This patriotic devotion even goes so far as to be positively intolerant. No speaker, he

says, could hold in Australia the tone often held by speakers in England in regard to the independence of Ireland. The Redmond brothers visited that continent last year to raise money for the Irish cause; but on the very threshold they learned that they could not speak in Australia as they were wont to speak at home. They were obliged to strike a lower key, to speak respectfully of Britain's sovereign, and to conclude their meetings with the national anthem. Hall proprietors, with whom the rent is the main object of interest, declined with emphatic unanimity to lease their platforms to the agitators, who had to harangue in remote, inconvenient Roman Catholic schoolrooms. Certain members of the Victorian Parliament, persons of Irish extraction, framed an address to Mr. Parnell in which there occurred the words "foreign despotism." So fierce was the indignation that denunciatory meetings were held in every township of the territory they represented. At the next general election four out of the five who had perpetrated the outrage on colonial loyalty lost their seats. This patriotic fervor, moreover, shows itself in things big and in things little. It is manifested in the accent of the lower classes; in slow, heavyish walk; in the fondness for the old-country drinks even in spite of hostile climatic conditions; in the full side-face whiskers; in the sporting tastes and the fondness for athletics; in the active habits of the women, "who are as keen on lawn-tennis with the thermometer at 100 in the shade as our girls are when it marks 'temperate';" in the universal British preference of compartment carriages in railway travel; in "the addiction to being accompanied in the compartment by portmanteau, handbag, a tale of rugs and great coats, and a fascine of walking-sticks and umbrellas"; "in the burning zeal for writing letters to the newspapers on personal petty grievances, on abuses which the American curses at while suffering and forgets the moment they are over"; and "in the intensely British fervor of the newspapers, with their rotund 'we,' their mathematically three-paragraphed leading articles, their fine, manly, wooden holding aloof from a certain vein of news which, no doubt, would be interesting and indeed useful, but which might incur the reproach of trenching on the personal."

—But though this loyalty is conspicuously everywhere prevalent, Mr. Forbes is of the opinion that it is a mere sentiment, which will be inadequate to save the colonies in case the mother country should become embroiled in foreign war. Such an event, in his opinion, would bring on the Australian colonies the most wide-ranging and terrible mischiefs. In proof of this he cites the haste with which Russia made preparations for sending into their waters a fleet of swift cruisers equipped in American ports when war with Great Britain seemed imminent in 1878. If such a war should ever come, the empire would be obliged "to uncover its flanks for the protection of its centre." The colonies would have to be left to themselves, because the whole of England's fleet would be needed nearer home, mainly to protect her coast line, in these days of steam, against the sudden raid of cruisers aimed at her unprotected coast towns. Hostile men-of-war would haunt the Australian waters, and, coaling in the neutral ports, would find easy access to the minor but far from unimportant coast towns. The resulting struggle, Mr. Forbes goes on to show, "would dislocate Australasia commercially all along the line," and this would be followed by the common repudiation of the suzerainty now somewhat vaguely exercised by the British crown. Finally, he declares that his study of

the colonies has brought him to the "implicit conviction that if England should ever be engaged in a severe struggle with a Power of strength and means, in what condition soever that struggle might leave her, one of its outcomes would be to detach from her the Australian colonies." This done, the formation of a confederation of the colonies would be the natural and perhaps the necessary consequence.

—The announcement from Germany of the discovery, in a bookseller's collection, of an unknown product of Gutenberg's press, illustrates with what facility German bibliographers have always credited to Gutenberg any anonymously printed book of the 15th century. The work in question, which has for its title, 'Clagen und nützliche lere aufs gemeynen beschriebenen rechten,' judging from the description given by Ilgenstein in Petzholdt's *Neuer Anzeiger*, probably belongs to a group of tracts commonly reputed to have been printed by Gutenberg from 1461 to 1463. This date has been assigned chiefly in consequence of Prof. Fischer's so-called discovery, signalled in his 'Essai sur les monuments typographiques de J. Gutenberg' (Meyence, 1882) of a copy of the 'Tractatus de celebratione missarum,' in the University Library at Mentz, bearing a rubric denoting that the tract was completed by Gutenberg's press in 1463, and by Gutenberg and Nummeister (supposed to be an assistant of Gutenberg), presented to the Carthusian Monastery at Mentz. The 'Tractatus' is one of the seven (or counting the new example eight pamphlets which, from their general typographical correspondence, are classed as nearly contemporaneous productions. The discovery of fraud in the Prognostication or Kalendar, reputed by bibliographers to be for the year 1460 (and consequently printed in 1459), by J. H. Hessels, who has, by his thorough investigations, done more than any one to clear away the mystifications and misconceptions relative to the invention of printing, removes this whole set of publications from the list of Gutenberg's *oeuvre*. A reference to Pope Sixtus IV., who was elected to the Papacy in 1471, in a book professing to treat of events to occur in 1460, caused Mr. Hessels to examine closely the date in the text, which resulted in finding that, by the scratching of four numerals, 1482 was made to appear as 1460. This discredits Prof. Fischer's statement, which has hitherto been generally accepted by bibliographers. The copy which he described has unaccountably disappeared. Two forgeries in connection with this handful of books, so long undiscovered, show, as Hessels remarks, how little the Germans have done in the Gutenberg case, except to repeat old stories, without even looking at things right at their elbow. Gutenberg died in 1468, and the disposition of his types after that time is involved in doubt, so that it is not possible to assign with surety the printing of the tracts under consideration.

—Testimony in favor of Gutenberg from the other side of the Rhine is of course less open to suspicion, and such is to be found in a remarkable communication to the November number of *Le Livre*, by A. Claudin. This investigator calls attention to a piece of evidence which has heretofore passed unobserved of all the historians of the art of printing. The Savoyard Guillaume Fichet, in a letter addressed to Robert Gaguin, and printed at the beginning of copies of the small quarto 'Gasparini Pergamensis orthographia liber' (the second book printed in Paris, celebrates the influx of printers from Germany, bringing a "great light" with them, and relating, as to the origin of their art, that "hanc procul a civitate Mogontia Joannem quandam

fulsisse, cui cognomen Bonemontano, qui primus olim impressoriam artem excogitaverit, quare non calamo . . . neque penna . . . sed areis litteris," etc. Fichet goes on to advocate the apotheosis of this inventor of metal letters, and has a flattering word for Gutenberg's skillful disciples, Martin Krantz (of kin, concludes M. Claudin, to the Peter Krantz who figured as a witness in Gutenberg's second trial at Mayence), Michael Friburger, and Ulric Gering, who had come to Paris on the invitation of the Sorbonne, and who in fact printed the very book in which this tribute is paid to their master. M. Claudin, by the way, has ascertained that in 1461 Michael Friburger and Ulric Gering were students at the University of Bâle, along with one Gabriel Krantz of Stein. He fixes upon the close of the year 1470 as the date of Fichet's letter, on grounds which appear probable if not incontestable. At that time, as already pointed out above, Gutenberg had been dead only two years.

—Professor Baermann made his first appearance before a Brooklyn audience at the second rehearsal and concert of the Philharmonic Society. He enjoys an enviable reputation in Germany, and the musical people of Boston, his present home, are as devoted to him as New Yorkers are to Mr. Joseffy. For his debut he chose Beethoven's Fifth Concerto, and it is safe to say that there were few in the audience who had ever heard that work interpreted in such a thoroughly artistic, honest, and impressive manner. Herr Baermann takes his place at the piano with the confident air of a German professor who is a thorough master of his subject and knows the whole score by heart. He is not one of those virtuosos whose only aim is to make a sensation by means of feats of agility. He merges his individuality in that of the composer, and one of the greatest charms of his playing is the manner in which he places in *mezzo-relievo*, as it were, subtle shades of meaning that are slurred over by less conscientious pianists. At the same time he is fully equal to the highest technical demands, his scales, arpeggios, and trills being delightfully even and smooth, while his touch varies with the character of the music—now light and graceful, and again grandiose or tenderly poetic. Prof. Baermann does not appear to have any speciality in which he defies competition (as Joseffy with his pianissimo cobweb style), but his playing is distinguished by an even and impartial excellence in every respect. His reception was very favorable, and at the concert he acceded to the tumultuous request for an encore which he denied at the rehearsal, although some of the ladies almost ruined their gloves by applauding. Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Schumann's First Symphony completed the programme, being separated by the concerto. Of the twelve numbers which make up Mendelssohn's composition, only seven were given, but among them were the most popular ones—the overture, scherzo, nocturne, and the famous Wedding March, so full of associations to those who did not follow *Punch's* advice. In the finale and another number Mrs. Denniston, Mrs. Hartdegen, and the ladies of the Philharmonic Chorus supplied the vocal music in an eminently satisfactory manner. And as for the orchestra and its leader, they appeared to be positively inspired, especially in the Schumann symphony, which has probably never before been played with such exuberant vigor and perfect rhythmic swing. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" is one of Mendelssohn's most finished productions, but when one hears it in such close juxtaposition to Schumann's great symphony one feels vividly

the great difference between the genius of the two composers. The texture of Mendelssohn's harmonies and melodies has lost much of its original freshness, while Schumann seems more fascinating and invigorating than ever. Schumann's future in our concert halls may be represented by a crescendo sign, Mendelssohn's by a diminuendo. Not only are Schumann's ideas more virile and original than Mendelssohn's, but his style is much more suggestive, condensed, and epigrammatic. On one page of his score he has more matter than Mendelssohn on ten of his. This makes him the greater poet of the two, for the essence of poetry, as of wit, is brevity—the art of condensing a great idea or image into a few well-chosen words, and the avoidance of mechanical repetition. Schumann's First Symphony may lack the formal polish of his later ones in a few places, but as a whole it has no superior in all symphonic literature, and it differs from most symphonies in the fact that all its movements are interesting. In arranging the programme, Mr. Thomas probably felt that for the majority of the audience it would have been better to place the symphony at the beginning of the programme, when the hearers' receptive faculties were still fresh. But for the musical "remnant" Mendelssohn would have sounded too tame after Schumann and Beethoven; and it is the musical remnant, in such a case, who must be considered by an ideal conductor.

MR. SEWARD'S DIPLOMACY.

The Diplomatic History of the War for the Union: Being the Fifth Volume of the Works of William H. Seward, edited by George E. Baker. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. 8vo.

MR. SEWARD'S "optimism" became almost a by-word during the civil war. His cheerful faith that the war would be a short one, that each campaign in turn had exhausted the aggressive power of the rebellion, and the hopeful view of all aspects of public affairs which he habitually took, were treated as amiable and rather comfortable idiosyncracies, which permitted many a public and private critic to flatter himself that his judgment was much better than that of the Secretary of State.

Whoever will turn over the leaves of the Diplomatic Correspondence, even cursorily, will find growing upon him a sense of the responsibilities of the statesman in charge of our foreign affairs at that period, which becomes a burdensome weight in the mere thinking of it. As one reflects upon it, the sympathy with the task Mr. Seward had before him becomes pathetic and almost painful. At the outset he was to choose the form in which Mr. Lincoln's administration should present to the governments of the world the terrible fact of an insurrection of a dozen States, and nearly as many millions of people, against the national unity and power. Nearly every great Power on the globe was a monarchy, and, by the traditions, the instincts, and the assumed interests of its rulers, was disposed to hail the outbreak as an expected, if not wished-for, downfall of the only experiment in republicanism on a great scale—a collapse which might add centuries to the era of conservative rule, and delay for ages the assimilation of European governments to the democratic institutions of the western continent. Mr. Seward saw with absolute clearness that from nearly all the great Powers he must expect cool courtesy, covering an almost feverish readiness to regard secession as an accomplished fact. The motives might be various, but the wish for our final disruption would be all but universal. With some,

the magnitude and unrivalled preponderance of the United States on this continent would lead to the desire to see several rival nations here, keeping each other busy with their jealousies and conflicting interest, and, by their armies and navies, excusing the immense military establishments by which the peoples of Europe are burdened. With others, the hope of close and profitable commercial relations with a Southern republic, furnishing one of the greatest staples of commerce and manufacture, was the attracting force. But whatever the reasons given or disclaimed, whatever the good will professed with more or less of warmth, from the day he took the portfolio of State, Mr. Seward knew that the ministry of every monarchical government in the world was inwardly content with our misfortune, and looked with satisfaction to our probable permanent disruption.

We have no cause for enmity on this account. It was in the nature of rival systems of government that it should be so. As we ourselves should look with satisfaction upon any solid progress of sister nations toward lasting and peaceful republicanism, we should be weak not to recognize the fact that earnest monarchists would not be grieved at a demonstration that democratic institutions are not adapted to great national organizations, even if they be tolerable in petty communities. The crisis of our trouble brought all these sentiments to the surface. The claim of Mr. Lincoln's administration to high statesmanship is solidly founded on its treatment of foreign affairs, and the Secretary of State is fully entitled to the credit of impressing his own character and intellect upon the successful diplomacy of the period.

Mr. Seward's first work was to give unity of tone and spirit to our legations abroad. He deliberately adopted it as a canon for all his diplomatic subordinates, that the republic must not be despaired of. A high, hopeful, confident spirit was inculcated both by precept and by example. That his letters to our ministers and to foreign governments might not be weakened by inconsistent utterances at home, he threw the same cheerfulness of spirit into his private and public conduct, and refused by word, by tone, or by look, to admit the possibility that it could be within the designs of Providence that our national Government should be destroyed. It would be hard to overestimate the influence of such a spirit, in such a man, in such circumstances. Fully in harmony with Mr. Lincoln's way of viewing things, it strengthened the President's hands, and made the influence which went out from the leading men of the Cabinet always certain in tone, never doubtful, never despondent. If his natural temperament had not helped him to his bright views of the future, it would have been a masterpiece of policy and of will to have feigned them; but he was really hopeful, and saw also the full advantage of letting his professions of confidence come fully up to feelings which he nourished and cultivated.

His first despatches to our ministers abroad were necessarily variations on one theme; but each was carefully adapted to the character and temper of the court to which it was indirectly addressed. To France, he could dwell upon the great part that nation had taken in the establishment of the United States as an independent Power, and the shame it would be if she should now become a willing instrument in its dissolution. To England he gave appropriate reminders that the vast colonial interests of the British Empire made it peculiarly the policy of that Government to uphold the authority of national governments against unjustifiable insurrection; and used with much force the argument that she could not afford to be the champion of a revolu-

tion based on human slavery. For each of the other governments he found some fitting argument or appeal, hinting plainly to all, that any unfriendly intermeddling would be hazarding the good-will of a great nation upon the doubtful chance of the success of the insurrection.

The first battle of Manassas soon came to mar his plans and beget discouragement in nearly all our foreign representatives, while it developed a joint purpose in England and France to recognize the Southern Confederacy as a belligerent power. The Secretary redoubled his energy. He ably analyzed the battle itself, showing that the power of the republic had been demonstrated in the array of a great army, which seemed to have victory in its grasp when the panic to which all new troops are liable came to make a disaster that was not a military defeat. He combated the dismay of some of his subordinates, rallied them to their work as a brave general would rally his troops, and, by a high and courageous tone, manifestly checked the tendency among foreign Powers to recognize the independence of the Confederacy.

Next came the *Trent* affair to complicate the situation. The capture of Mason and Slidell was looked upon by the country as a victory in itself, and this made it doubly hard for the State Department to disavow the act of Captain Wilkes, and to follow the course which real wisdom pointed out. Mr. Seward's quick apprehension instantly saw that the very *clat* of the capture made it the more likely that it would be the pretext for hostile action. He was profoundly convinced that no advantage gained from the possession of the envoys could balance the mischief we should suffer from an open quarrel with England. This meant the raising of the blockade, the subsidizing of the Confederate Government and supplying it with arms. There was a chance that, like revolutionary France in 1793, we might have made ourselves all the more formidable on this continent if we had been opposed by a world in arms, but it would be risking too much upon desperate odds, and the President and Cabinet accepted Mr. Seward's view, so that his part was taken before any unfriendly summons could reach us from Great Britain. He very ably used the traditional American policy of "neutral rights" to quiet the popular clamor at home, while he most skilfully exposed the inconsistency of the British complaint with the sweeping doctrine of the "right of search" of which England had been the inveterate champion. He was thus able to avert a new storm, while he signalized with new emphasis the American championship of what had been the cause of the rest of the world against the great maritime Power. The surrender of Mason and Slidell thus took the character of adherence to an old principle on our part, coupled with an ungracious abandonment of its ancient rule of action by the English ministry. These, being put thus in the wrong, appeared to have been using a poor pretext for a quarrel, in regard to which European statesmen should be the first to understand the inconsistency.

The French invasion of Mexico, and the effort to put Maximilian upon a throne there, were treated with similar skill. The recognition of the republican government was steadily continued, every overture to treat Maximilian as a successful invader was firmly declined, the invasion itself was clearly characterized as an unfriendly act to us which only our troubles at home made us endure, and plain intimations were given that it was well understood that the Emperor was merely practising upon the chances of the success of the Confederacy. It was Mr. Seward's peculiar triumph that at the close of

the war of the rebellion, he was able, without violating the forms of diplomatic friendliness, to draw about the French Emperor such lines of moral constraint as to force a humiliating desertion of Maximilian to his fate, which was a sore stroke to the prestige of Louis Napoleon, and which restored the republican government in Mexico without a blow.

The question concerning the *Alabama* and other Confederate cruisers was perhaps the most difficult and trying of all. The popularity of the Southern cause among the middle and upper classes in England was such that an apparently strong popular sentiment supported the plain violation of neutrality, and made many of the Government officers singularly oblivious even of the outward and decent show of respect which they owed to their own neutrality laws. The co-operation and mutual understanding between Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams were perfect. Both were cool, both were persistent, neither allowed any rebuff or half insolence to turn him from his purpose. The evidence of the hostile purpose for which the ships were built was most diligently collected, and courteously but firmly forced upon the attention of the Government. The proof of the mischief the cruisers did, and the unwelcome list of claims for indemnity, were also from month to month produced and pressed. The frankness with which ministers were told that we were quite aware that for the present we must rely wholly on the sense of justice of the British Government to recognize these claims, connected as it was with the continued and unsparing addition of the new items of damage as they occurred, was more powerful as a warning of future complications than any amount of bluster would have been. Others knew as well as we knew ourselves that we were in no condition then to resent an injury which could be borne at all; but they also knew that if by chance the rebellion should not succeed, a great nation, doubly strong in the consciousness of its proved military power, and in the belief that it had been wronged, would be inevitably impelled to demand redress. The very patience and ability to wait which the Secretary and the ambassador displayed, produced more moral effect than any evidence of irritation could have done. And this effect was not altogether postponed. After the critical midsummer of 1863 it was pretty evident that Confederate bonds payable at the recognition of the Confederacy by the United States were not likely to be worth as much as *Alabama* claims payable when the unity of the American people should be reestablished. The duties of neutrals were not made to appear so small, or the neglect of them so trifling, a matter as before. Officials could more easily be made to see the evidence of hostile purpose in the construction of war-ships, and it did not seem so nearly a joke that ship and armament were only to come together off the Azores.

It is curiously interesting, now, to run over the diplomatic correspondence, and notice how the calm temper and even tone of the protests and reclamations gradually produced their effect; to note the unflinching steadiness and unwavering faith in the success of his country's cause gradually becoming the historic fact, in Mr. Seward's letters, as month after month rolled on. His policy was to make plain the fixed opinion of our Government that unfriendly things were done in an unfriendly spirit, but to tone so carefully the character of the reclamations that no offence could be taken at them, while they continued to be part of an ever-growing debit account of which the settlement was only postponed.

The period of Johnson's administration was

used by Mr. Seward in the same spirit, without haste but without intermission of purpose, to produce the conviction that the claims of the United States were quite too grave an item in the national accounts to remain open when the contingencies of European politics were complicated with the controversies which ended at Sadowa and Sedan. He wished for and intended to bring about a peaceful solution of our controversies with England as with France; but he was determined also that it should be in such form that when the whole was ended the record of it should be one that every American could read with pride, while foreign politicians should be forced to see humiliating blunders and inconsistencies at every step of their intervention in the great struggle on this continent. If the very last part of the settlement at Geneva was not under Mr. Seward's direction, it is no disparagement to his successor to say that it was foreshadowed and fully prepared in his conduct of negotiations during the eight preceding years, and was the natural consummation of his policy.

His negotiation of the purchase of Alaska and the cession of St. Thomas was part of the same noble ambition to show the world that so far from being crippled in power or shorn of substantial wealth by the great war, the United States Government was feeling more than ever competent to dominate the continent and control affairs in all the adjacent seas. It was a high-spirited answer to those who affected to treat it as an open problem whether our resources had not been exhausted, and the burden of our war debt become so crushing that America could be counted out of the world's politics for a long time to come. It was a mistake to extend the policy of annexation beyond the main land of North America, for many reasons. It would be equally a mistake to reach for regions not preoccupied with peoples of kindred habits and of similar progressive spirit. But Mr. Seward's diplomacy need not be regarded as the adoption of a purpose of indefinite extension so much as an easily understood and strong response to the enemies of republican institutions everywhere, which answered its purpose thoroughly by removing all doubt about the confidence of real statesmen of this country in our future, and their determination to accept no second place in the ranks of nations.

The unhappy circumstances which surrounded Mr. Johnson's administration have prevented his countrymen from estimating Mr. Seward's services and his statesmanship at their true worth, but this publication of his works will give the means of judging more fairly; and it will not be a great while before all parties will be in accord in placing his name securely among the few public men who have been equal to a great era in which they lived.

ENGLISH VERSE.

English Verse. Edited by W. J. Linton and R. H. Stoddard. Vol. i. Chaucer to Burns. Vol. ii. Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THERE lie before us two volumes of a new anthology of English poetical literature. Three more are to follow. It is claimed by the publishers that this collection is to be "the largest yet undertaken"; that its five volumes will be more convenient than one large one; that "its division and management are simple and excellent"; that "each volume is supplied with careful indexes of authors, poems, and first lines." It is also stated that "as the work was directly suggested by the defects of the existing anthologies," it is greatly to surpass them in compre-

hensiveness and in "absolute accuracy of text." Such an announcement implies a work of much literary importance.

Unfortunately, as our public buildings are apt to suffer from the presence of too imposing doorways, a literary enterprise is often damaged by too magnificent a prospectus. But for the above announcement, the present collection would have taken its place on our shelves as one of quite the average excellence. It is the inordinate claims made for it which provide a standard by which it fails. As we go through the above points of self commendation, we are reluctantly compelled to record a dissent from almost every one. It is not yet apparent that this collection is to be larger than others before made—namely Ward's 'English Poets'; and it is not in the slightest degree to be compared to that in fulness of annotation and criticism. It is certain that five volumes are not so convenient as one volume, for the reason that it is doubtful, even under a chronological arrangement, in which volume you are to look for a particular poem; and when the arrangement is not even chronological, but one volume contains "From Chaucer to Burns," another "Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century," another "Ballads and Romances," another "Dramatic Selections," and another "Translations," the task is simply bewildering. There is many a little poem of which—as in case of Longfellow's "The sea bath its pearls"—not one reader in ten can remember off hand whether it is a translation or no. It may be classed as a "ballad" or as a "lyric"; indeed, when we consider that this collection includes sonnets as lyrics, the distinction between the volumes amounts to very little. The mere indefiniteness of the classification must make the use of the five volumes exasperating, we should say; and, to make the matter worse, the promise of the prospectus as to indexes is not kept. In neither of the two volumes before us is there any pretence at an alphabetical index of authors, and for want of it the reader has to fumble over the pages, again and again, to ascertain where his favorite poet lurks concealed. True, the arrangement is chronological, but the reader cannot carry all his chronology in his head; that is, indeed, part of what he consults the book to ascertain.

As to "comprehensiveness," it is the invariable stronghold of every new anthology. It simply means that each editor puts in what he likes best, so that—to paraphrase President Lincoln's immortal remark about the lecture—for those who like just that kind of collection, it is just the kind of collection that they will like. Until each man can make his own *florilegium*, none will ever be quite satisfactory—neither Emerson's, nor Whittier's, nor Dana's, nor Fields's, nor Sargent's, nor Miss Bates's, nor that of Stoddard and Linton. When the present editors assure us that "all the unquestioned and familiar masterpieces" are retained, the dissatisfied reader shakes his head. "Where," he asks, "are Leigh Hunt's 'Jenny Kissed Me'; Landor's 'Rose Aylmer'; Montgomery's 'The Common Lot'; Domett's 'Christmas Hymn'; Dobell's 'Keith of Ravelston'; Taylor's 'Incident of the Crimean War'; Platt's 'The Morning Street'?" If these are not the "unquestioned and familiar masterpieces" of their respective authors, nothing is. They offer in each case a high-water-mark, almost as distinct and unequivocal as Holmes's "The Chambered Nautilus." So long as they are omitted, the claim to especial comprehensiveness is merely a publisher's puff. Thus, at least, will reason those who prefer these particular poems; and very possibly, if Messrs. Stoddard and Linton had put in these, there would be still many to claim that masterpieces

yet more thoroughly unquestioned were left out.

We have no doubt that much work has been faithfully done by Mr. Linton, as the publishers claim, at the British Museum and elsewhere, in comparing and verifying the texts of some of the less-known poems. This work we must take upon trust; the trust being unfortunately impaired by the fact that, in case of the better-known poems, there are such repeated instances of inaccuracy as to awaken very serious doubts in respect to the standard prevailing in the rest. Where the parts seen are questionable, we cannot always walk by faith as to what is unseen. Let us consider, for instance, one of the best-known poems—perhaps the best-known—in English literature, Gray's "Elegy." The text of the poem has been very amply discussed, and of late critically edited by Mr. W. J. Rolfe. The *pros* and *cons* of the various readings are well known. There is a facsimile of Gray's manuscript in Mathias's edition, published in 1814, and it is generally admitted that this, commonly called the Pembroke MS., represents the maturer form of the poet's work, and that the Wrightson MS., which in some respects varies from it, is a rough draft. Now, the version given by Messrs. Linton and Stoddard varies in three important readings from the Pembroke MS., and in two cases the variation is an entire novelty, so far as we have examined. In the other case the same error is to be found in many of the earlier editions, but not in the earliest, and, since Mr. Rolfe's edition appeared, we supposed that Gray's own reading was accepted by all. The passage to which we are now speaking is as follows:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In Gray's manuscript, and in the first collected edition of his poems (1768), the word "awaits" appears. In the first edition of his letters and works, published after his death, by Mason, in 1775, it is transformed to "await," and has been commonly so printed ever since until very lately. One would suppose that a mistake of this kind, once corrected from the author's MS. and from the collected edition published in his lifetime, would remain permanently amended; yet 'English Verse,' without a word of explanation, reverts to the accustomed error and has "await."

In the two other cases, the new editors seem to make themselves alone responsible for the changes they introduce. For instance, the line which appears in Gray's MS. as

"The short and simple Annals of the Poor,"

they render,

"The short but simple annals of the poor."

The alteration seems meaningless. "Short but simple" adds nothing to the meaning. Why should not that which is short be simple? The collective edition of 1768 has "and"; so has every later edition which we have examined. Again, two verses further on, Gray's MS. has

"Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,"

this being substituted for a line abandoned by the poet. 'English Verse' gives—

"Nor you ye proud impute to them the fault."

Here, again, the new version varies from all previous printed versions that we have inspected. Why these variations? Careless transcribing would be the most obvious solution. If this is not the source, the only other explanation possible is that Mr. Linton inspected the Wrightson MS., found these variations there, and substituted them, without regard to the general opinion of critics that this manuscript represents only the rough draft of the poem. In that case,

he was bound to explain the fact in his notes, as he has explained [matters of far less importance. No one has a right to tamper, without explanation, with the received text of a poem which we all learned by heart in childhood. To the rest of the 'English Verse' text of the "Elegy" we take no exception, save the revival of the now nearly obsolete spelling of the word "tenour" instead of "tenor." Why follow the spelling of the poet's time in this word any more than in "rhimes" or "ev'n"? The collected edition of 1768 has "tenor"; why not adhere to it?

Let us now turn to the volume of 'Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century.' On page 270, a line in Rossetti's "Lilith" is thus printed:

"The witch beloved before the gift of Eve."

It should be "he loved." In the same poet's "The Card-dealer" (p. 268), we find

"And he were rich who *could* unwind,"

where the "would" ought to be "should." Again, a line of his "True Woman" (p. 271) is thus given:

"The wave-brown'd pearl—the heartshape seal of green."

Here the word should be "heart-shaped." Again, Thomson's poem, "The Three that Should be One," contains a line (p. 301),

"Love kissed her swoon away."

It should be "the swoon." One of the lines of Tennyson's "Tithonus" is here printed (p. 176):

"Are all my lights and cold my wrinkled feet."

This should be "thy lights."

We make little account of obvious misprints, such as "neek" for "neck" in Nicoll's poem of "Menie," ('Lyrics,' p. 196), or "Twins stars" for "Twin stars" ('Lyrics,' p. 227); but it is something more than a typographical error which utterly spoils a rhyme, as in Barry Cornwall's verse ('Lyrics,' p. 76):

"With tongues all sweet and low
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To Thee and Thine"

Reference to any edition of Barry Cornwall will show that the last line should read

"To Thee and Time."

We pass over also the difficult question as to how far the Scotch dialect should be followed or modified; and whether of Burns's two distinct forms of "The Banks o' Doon" the later or earlier should be given. The version of "The Flowers o' the Forest" (p. 279) bears marks of being drawn from an earlier copy than that transcribed, or possibly transformed, for Scott's 'Border Minstrelsy'; but since Scott tells us expressly (iii., 127) that the first line of the poem is far more ancient than Jean Elliot's verses, there seems no reason why this should be changed. Scott gives it as

"I've heard them liltin at our ewes' milking";

but 'English Verse' (p. 279) gives it thus:

"I've heard the liltin at our yowe-milking."

"Yowe" is well enough, but "the" is questionable.

Looking next at American poets, we find three wholly new and unexplained readings in the extracts from Emerson. In the short poem "To Eva" we have ('Lyrics,' p. 140):

"Features that seem in heart my own,"

and

"Which charm the more their glance forbids."

In these cases the words should be respectively "at" and "who." Again, in "The Problem" (p. 137), we have the line,

"Of leaves and feathers from her breast,"

where the sense is bewildered for want of a comma after "leaves." Even in Whitman's

"Pioneers," a poem with which Mr. Linton must be thoroughly familiar, we have (p. 215): "We the surface broad surveying and the virgin soil upheaving."

This "and" is in Osgood's revised edition "we." Another line of the same poem (p. 218) gives us "sleep" instead of "rest." If in these cases, or any of the others named, the editors have had access to private manuscripts or anything superseding the best editions accessible in print, they should have said so. The variations are so numerous, and in most cases so easily explained by careless transcribing, that it is not sufficient to expect us to rest upon the claims of the prospectus. A good poem is the world's jewel; anybody may alter the setting, but to recut the gem is a liberty which at least requires explanation.

Other points are open to criticism in the literary presentation of these poems. One will look in vain through Whitman's works for "The Soldier's Letter" given in this collection ("Lyrics," p. 219); it appears in Osgood's edition of "Leaves of Grass" (p. 236) under the title of "Come up from the Field, Father." Tannahill's beautiful poem, "O sair I rue the witless wish," is here given as "Love's Fear," and Clough's "Say not the struggle" is here called "Not unavailing." These changes are questionable liberties. The poet has a right to make his own title, and as it is, after all, the chief aim of every anthology to direct the reader to the original volumes, an alteration in the title is very confusing and leads the explorer to waste much time. It is no better, but rather worse, when only a part of the original production is given, with a new title and without explanation; thus, we have here what appears as a poem called "Waiting" (p. 301), attributed to Thomson. It is in reality a portion of a longer composition called "Sunday up the River," but no mention of the fact is made. In some cases, too, we note the absence of proper information as to the compound authorship of a poem; thus, it is not explained that the last two verses of Burns's "Of a' the airts" ("Chaucer to Burns," p. 296) were not written by that poet, but by John Hamilton.

In the way of literary criticism, these volumes offer very little, and that little is chiefly contained in Mr. Stoddard's prefaces. The work of this gentleman is almost always well done, when—as in this case—he sets about it seriously and soberly, and keeps free from egotism and whims. We know not where to look for a more compact and useful introduction to English poetry than the two chapters which precede these two volumes. It is rash to question Mr. Stoddard's authority in matters of literary history, but we suspect him to be wrong in thinking that Allan Ramsay published the *Evergreen* first, and the *Tea-Table Miscellany* afterward; if we mistake not, the first volume of the *Miscellany* appeared in January, 1724, and the *Evergreen* in October of the same year. Nor can we find him quite correct in attributing the volume of poems by Lovell and Southey to the year 1794; the copy before us is dated 1795. True, the book is attributed by Southey's biographer to the close of the previous year, and it may possibly have appeared during the holidays, and have been post-dated, though we had not supposed that this bad practice began in England so early. Again, why speak of "Bürger's ballad 'Ellenore' which Scott Englished into 'Lenore'?" Does not the original ballad begin:

"Lenore fuhr um's Morgenroth
Empor aus schweren Träumen?"

Scott Englished the name into "Helen."

In the notes, at the end of the volumes, we find much valuable information, and often a very perplexing absence of it. In many cases, the titles and dates of the respective publications of authors are given with exhaustive care, and

this not in poetry alone; we have thus the dates of all Mr. Aldrich's novels, and of Bayard Taylor's very numerous publications. In other cases, as with Matthew Arnold, there is no pretence at such a bibliography; and it is left to be understood, in such cases as those of Jean Ingelow, Celia Thaxter, and Helen Jackson, that they have written only poetry, although, in the case of Mrs. Stoddard, all the novels appear with their dates, and there is no volume of poetry at all. This is disappointing and uncertain, while the absence of alphabetical arrangement or index greatly diminishes the usefulness of this part of the work. We sometimes demur at the criticisms, as where it is said of Wolfe that, besides "The Burial of Sir John Moore," he "wrote only a few songs of little importance" ("Lyrics," p. 315), whereas the fine poem beginning "If I had thought thou couldst have died" would have preserved his name, had nothing else done it; indeed, the closing lines of this poem are classic:

"Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."

If we have seemed to criticise this new collection with a minuteness not always applied to similar work, this especial attention is due largely to the claims made by the publishers. Had they not said that "the work was directly suggested by the defects of the existing anthologies," we should not have demanded more of it than of the rest, and should have met with no disappointment. Had they not claimed for the book "an entirely exceptional position," it would not have been scrutinized with exceptional care. It is as good, probably, as the majority of such works, but it is our unwelcome duty to point out that it is no better.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

Henry Irving, Actor and Manager. A Critical Study. By William Archer. London: Field & Tuer; New York: Scribner & Welford. 16mo, pp. 108.

Henry Irving. A Short Account of his Public Life. William S. Gottsberger. 12mo, pp. 212.

The Story of Helena Modjeska (Madame Chlapowska). By Mabel Collins. London: W. H. Allen & Co.; New York: Scribner & Welford. 8vo, pp. 207.

Helena Modjeska. By Jameson Torr Altemus. J. S. Ogilvie & Co. 8vo, pp. 217.

Some London Theatres, Past and Present. By Michael Williams. London: Sampson Low & Co.; New York: F. W. Christern. 8vo, pp. 215.

Au Bout de la Lorgnette. Par M. Paul Mahaim. Paris: Tresse; New York: F. W. Christern. 8vo, pp. 334.

It is well-nigh impossible to repress a feeling that there is something almost indecent in the writing of a man's biography while he is yet alive. That a man should write his autobiography and seek to set himself before his contemporaries as he appears to himself, is well enough, although there is a well founded belief that the posthumous publication of an autobiography is best. But there is really little or nothing to be said in favor of a detailed biography of a living celebrity, save that it may gratify the impertinent curiosity of the idle, and turn a humble penny for the compiler of the book. The recent biographies of Mr. Gladstone and Sir Garnet Wolsey, in England, and of General Grant and Doctor Holmes, in the United States, are cases in point. They are emphatically works of supererogation. That the habit of preparing them is on the increase is a misfortune. For one thing, they are likely to err

either in fulsome eulogy or in personal abuse. It may be taken for certain that the biography of a living celebrity is rarely written by a calm critic; almost always it is the work of a warm friend or of a bitter enemy. We believe we may safely say that the biographies of actors and of actresses printed while they are yet before the public are all either libels or puffs. The famous, or infamous, book against the elder Booth, "The Actor," is an instance of the libel, and the life of the younger Kean, written by a former member of the stage of his theatre, is an example of the puff.

Of the first four books on our list three are biographies of living celebrities. They are puffs, more or less disguised; and they vary but little in their worthlessness. The exception is Mr. Archer's study of Mr. Irving; this is not a biography but a criticism, and criticism is always in order. Mr. Archer's discussion of Mr. Irving's histrionic career is quite as legitimate as Mr. Hill's criticism of "The Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield," which was published during Disraeli's life. Those who seek for firm reasons for their admiration of Mr. Irving's performances will receive it gladly and read it with profit and pleasure. It has been roughly reviewed by some of Mr. Irving's indiscreet followers in England, but we question whether the actor himself would not greet the critic with more kindness and with more respect. Mr. Archer's criticism is searching and incisive, and its expression, although temperate, is frank. This is not the place nor is this the time to discuss again and at length the quality of Mr. Irving's histrionic gifts. It must suffice to say that he has an intelligence as alert as any on the modern stage, and that as an actor he does all that can be done by intelligence alone, cramped as it is by a want of thorough artistic training, and by an abuse of personal peculiarities which we cannot think other than wilful. He thus excels in "character" parts, while he does not excel in "heroic" parts, to use a distinction well taken by Mr. Archer (p. 50), who classes *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Macbeth*, and *Eugene Aram* as heroic parts, while setting off *Shylock* and *Richard III.*, with *Mathias*, *Richieu*, and *Louis XI.*, as "character" parts.

The three other books devoted to Mr. Irving and Mme. Modjeska may be dismissed briefly. They are rubbish. The authors are ignorant not only of the principles of acting, but even of the more easily attainable history of the stage. They abound in blunders of fact. The anonymous life of Mr. Irving professes to follow his career step by step, but it makes many omissions, notably failing to record his acting with Mr. John T. Raymond in Paris in 1867 in support of Mr. Sothorn's *Lord Dundreary*. It contains many misprints: "Blough," for "Brough," for instance, and "Matthews" for "Mathews." It refers to the "naturalism which was introduced into the humble walks of the drama—by Liston, the younger Mathews, the Bancrofts, and Toole"; and it classes together as great innovators in art Berlioz, Whistler, Emerson, Swinburne, and Mr. Irving—truly a happy family. Mr. Altemus's life of Mme. Modjeska begins with the assertion that she is a greater actress than Neilson, Ristori, or Rachael (sic). The most of its facts seem to have been borrowed from Miss Mabel Collins's biography. This last we may fairly accept as authorized by the subject, since it contains personal details likely to have been derived from the lady herself; and in mere style it is the best, although this is not saying much, as all three of the authors believe that a tragic actress ought to be called a *tragédienne*, and an actress of comedy a *comédienne*, and that an actress is not an artist but an *artiste*.

They also all believe in "spontaneity," or the reliance on the inspiration of the moment. Miss Collins remarks (p. 215) that Mme. Modjeska "is not a mechanical actress," and so her "business" in the "Dame aux Camélias" varies with every performance; and the anonymous biographer of Mr. Irving finds fault (p. 205) with Mr. Terriss, of the Lyceum company, because his "stage-business, once thoroughly mastered in rehearsal, has become part of the rôle to him forever after." To say this is to say that Mme. Modjeska does not know the rudiments of her profession while Mr. Terriss does; which is very indiscreet in a biographer. The writers who approve of the reliance on "spontaneity" are always prone to cast reflections on "tradition." Now, tradition on the stage is not in itself a bad thing. Like the common law, it contains the accumulated wisdom of the ages, and although it may frequently need reform, the innovator must show cause for the change—the burden of proof lies on him.

Mr. Williams's volume on 'Some London Theatres' contains five papers sketching the history of Sadler's Wells, the City of London, the Marylebone, Highbury Barn, and the Lyceum. They are laboriously compiled, and contain many items of interest—about Grimaldi, for example (p. 13), and John Howard Payne (pp. 12, 115), and J. W. Wallack (p. 101). It is with curiosity that we note the performance in London of Mrs. Mowatt's "Armand, or the Peer and the Peasant," the title of which is not now more old-fashioned than the play itself, and of Mr. Epes Sargent's tragedy "Velasco, or Castilian Honor" (pp. 96-97). Mr. Sargent's first name is misspelled "Eps," and Mr. Joaquin Miller's "Danites" is credited to Mr. Bronson Howard. The final chapter on the Lyceum, with its account of the performances there when Charles Fechter was manager, and again since Mr. Irving took possession, is useful. The book sadly needs an index.

M. Paul Mahalin is one of the lively young wits who give to Parisian journalism its most characteristic flavor. The *Figaro* is the typical sheet which these young men make, but the *Gil Blas* is simply the *Figaro* pushed a little further, and the *Gaulois* is simply the *Figaro* not so well done. M. Paul Mahalin's attachment is to the *Gaulois*, where he signs "Triplet," and where he writes a "Soirée Théâtrale," imitated in some measure from the always amusing articles of M. Arnold Mortier, the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" of the *Figaro*. M. Mahalin is not as lively, witty, or well-bred as M. Mortier; but he will serve. In the present volume he has gathered together more than a hundred of his little personal articles, sometimes only a crackling squib of a triole, and sometimes a string of entertaining anecdotes. The best thing in the book is a quotation from Theodore de Banville, describing the "making" of M. Coquelin.

THE WANDERER IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

The Voyage of the "Wanderer." From the Journals and Letters of C. and S. Lambert. Edited by Gerald Young. Illustrated by R. T. Pritchett and others. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

It would be easy to imagine, without the testimony of those who have tried it, that a voyage around the world with pleasant companions, in a well-appointed yacht, must be, for those who find enjoyment at sea, an interesting and agreeable experience. The record of the *Wanderer's* cruise fully realizes, in many respects, one's ideal of such a journey, for it is the story of two very delightful years of travel, with the varied experiences of many ports and inland excursions, un-

usually free from mishaps to the pleasure-seekers, and, barring one or two accidents among the crew, and the occasional misery of sea sickness among the passengers, a period of almost wholly uninterrupted enjoyment. The *Wanderer* sailed from Cowes on the 5th of August, 1880, having on board her owner, Mr. Lambert, with his wife, two daughters, two sons, the Rev. Mr. Wetherall, chaplain, Robert T. Pritchett, artist, Miss Power, governess, a ladies' maid, nurse, valet, and footman, making thirteen in all for the family party, besides a full ship's company of officers (among them a surgeon) and crew, numbering fifty more, or sixty-three persons all told. The narrative contains no detailed description of the vessel, but her equipment indicates a comfortable size, and her picture shows a three-masted craft, with fore-and-aft rig and square sails on the foremast, making a fair spread of canvas, aided by an auxiliary screw. While she does not appear to have earned distinction as a swift sailer, the *Wanderer* evidently possessed in a high degree the essential qualities for the purpose of her voyage—safety and comfort, with speed sufficient for people of leisure.

From the point of departure the *Wanderer's* general course lay westward around the globe, touching, however, first at Vigo Bay and Lisbon, and afterward at Madeira, Cape de Verde Islands, and Gaboon on the coast of Africa; thence by St. Helena to the east coast of South America; thence passing through the Straits of Magellan and calling at Valparaiso, Juan Fernandez, and Coquimbo; thence to the Marquesas, Society, Fiji, and Hawaiian Islands; thence to Japan, China, Singapore, Ceylon; through the Red Sea and Suez Canal to the Mediterranean, skirting the coast of Palestine and Asia Minor to Constantinople; thence to Greece, Sicily, Italy, Sardinia, Algiers, Malaga, Gibraltar, and Lisbon, thence to Queenstown, and, finally, home again to Cowes. The narrative of this long journey makes a large octavo volume of 335 pages. Edited by Mr. Young, it is mainly composed from the letters and journals of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert and Mr. Wetherall, and retains in its printed form a good deal of the ease and freedom of style appropriate to friendly correspondence. Its most entertaining portion is, perhaps, that which refers to the less familiar parts of the earth's surface, on the Pacific side of the globe; and more especially the South Sea Islands, among which the ship made a somewhat extended cruise, calling at some very queer places, not often visited by English families. Indeed, the voyagers all agreed, upon leaving the Marquesas, that nothing in their cruise had interested them so much. Nor is it difficult to imagine that the spectacle of a well-dressed and well-bred English family, comprising papa, mamma, boys, girls, the parson, artist, and governess, moving about among a crowd of nearly naked and highly inquisitive islanders, and, last of all, "an English man servant, trying to keep up a respectable dignity, with a Marquesan beauty on each side of him holding his hands, their little brown fingers interlaced with his, while they gurgled and cooed in his face," must have been a rare and curious sight to all observers.

The coral-islander is an interesting creature on account of his extreme simplicity. As the inhabitant of a typical coral island or atoll, far remote from other land, he represents the simplest form of humanity. He has fewer wants, fewer natural resources, and fewer ties of relationship to the rest of the world than any other human being. He has no necessities that cannot be supplied from a single source, the cocoanut tree, which gives him his food, drink, and shelter, his scanty dress, canoe, sails, nets, and cordage, im-

plements and utensils of various sorts, and oil. His native land is a narrow strip of coral sand swept together by the waves upon a coral reef, all consisting of a single mineral, the carbonate of lime. He knows no ground higher than the beach. He has no conception of a mountain or river, and sometimes lives entirely without fresh water. His cocoanut diet is varied only by the fish or birds which are within his reach, and which fix the limit of his acquaintance with the animal kingdom, except where that has been enlarged by shipwrecked rats or a few pigs and fowls landed from some passing vessel. He can make fire by friction, but has little use for it. He has no tillable land and no agriculture, and little other occupation than fishing, bathing, and gathering cocoanuts. He has but little knowledge of any other people than the two or three hundred of his own kind with whom he has grown up. A language of a few hundred words has sufficient capacity for his needs of expression. He has no neighbors, no foreign intercourse, no trade or traffic, no arts of war. He is surrounded by sea and sky, and, excepting the occasional ships which, like comets, have come and gone, he knows nothing beyond his own horizon.

When the South Sea Islander's lot is cast upon one of an extensive group, and especially upon one of the larger and higher islands of volcanic origin, he is a man of somewhat greater resources and more varied experience. Intercourse with foreigners has given him some education; and he has adopted more or less of the habits, manners, and morals of the superior race with whose companionship he has been favored. If, under these conditions, he is not more interesting than the simple coral islander of the remote atoll, he is certainly more amusing with his grotesque mingling of native simplicity and foreign fashion. It was generally under these circumstances that the voyagers of the *Wanderer* made the acquaintance of the islanders, and found them most entertaining. Their first experience was at one of the Marquesas, under French "protection," where, upon landing, they

"were immediately surrounded by a crowd of laughing, chattering natives, few of whom could speak English, fewer still French. Most of the men were naked, some sported a loose fluttering shirt, but, to make up for deficiency of clothing, they were most beautifully tattooed from head to foot. The women and elder girls wore long bright colored cotton dresses, but no other garment. . . . Squatting near us was a fat old woman with yellow hair that stuck out horizontally like the branches of a cedar tree. She had fallen in with the new custom of putting on a nightgown, but she evidently thought it a foolish business, and the sleeves seemed to annoy her particularly, for whenever she wanted to use her hands or arms, she slipped them out at the bottom of her gown, raising the whole garment in folds to the necessary height to enable her to do what she wanted. . . . Beatrice's long plait of hair attracted a great deal of attention from the native ladies, who followed her about, lifting it up and letting it fall on her back, and she kept very close to Bob, not at all fancying these familiarities."

At Borabora they went ashore to pay their respects to the child queen,

"a bright, sprightly little creature of nine and a half years old, who received us very graciously, evidently taking a great fancy to Beatrice, whom she invited to stay and spend the afternoon, but as it was rather late we promised she should come back the next day. Moe, the little queen's mother, was also present, as well as her uncle, who acts as prime minister, and practically governs the island in his niece's name. Moe is a very pleasant person, and speaks English well. . . . At ten o'clock (next day) we sent for the queen and she came in state with her mother, another lady and six chiefs. The queen was dressed in yellow silk, gold necklace, a hat with a pink ribbon, and wore high-heeled French shoes, which evidently inconvenienced her very much—not to mention her garters, an evident source of worry; at one time

during her visit the prime minister was seen trying to arrange them more comfortably for her. Moe was dressed in black silk, and the third lady in pale yellow grenadine, with white embroidered petticoats. . . . The queen fidgeted about all over the ship, and taking Beatrice by the hand, made her show her everything. She was delighted with the piano, kicking her feet about in time as it was played. Before leaving she asked the girls to go and see her in the afternoon, which they promised to do, so after lunch Beatrice and Miss Power went off to return the visit. They found she had taken off her grand dress and put on a loose native one, and, later on, when we called for Beatrice in the galley, we saw the queen, having got rid of her visitors, racing about with bare feet in comfort. The next day was a Sunday, and from the deck we saw the people flocking into chapel at 7 A. M., and again at ten; for Sunday is kept here very strictly, and the people are very orderly and quiet. At 8 P. M. every night a bell is rung, and at nine it rings again, after which hour no one is allowed to be out. It was a damp muggy morning, but cleared sufficiently for us to have service, to which the queen, attended by her ministers and six chiefs, came; also, Mr. Blackett. The chiefs all looked remarkably uncomfortable, three of them in high black hats, one in an old opera hat, another in a pith helmet. Their clothes, too, were of every cut and material and of the seediest description—but they will serve for years yet, as no doubt they are only worn on grand occasions."

Mr. Lambert has no word of praise for French "protection" in the Marquesas and Society Islands, to which he attributes, probably with justice, the "disease, drunkenness, and immorality" prevailing there; and he earnestly prays that Borabora, which is still independent, and which is, at present, "a happy little kingdom, with a people leading a sober, righteous, and godly life," may be "spared from French protection, civilization, and misrule."

In the Fiji Islands the voyagers found much interest in the natural resources of the country, which are being gradually developed under English influence, especially the sugar culture, and also in contrasting the government and system in English hands with that of some of the French ruled islands they had visited shortly before. It is but five years ago, says the narrative, since this country was cannibal, and it appears from what follows that the native epicures still cherish very savory memories of joys that they have tasted in the happy past. One of these informed the party that the human "fat is yellow, and smells like roast duck, and that the prime parts are the arms and thighs." It has been stated, on the authority of other leading cannibals, that the palm of the hand is unsurpassed for juicy tenderness and delicate flavor; but doubtless even cannibals have their preferences. Another old chief, who was introduced as one who had clubbed and eaten many men in his day, on being asked if that were so, "answered, smacking his lips and rubbing his old stomach, 'Yes, many, in old time; very

good.' This dreadful old man gave us a curious little wooden dish, something like a flat, shallow sauce boat, in which many good bits of humanity had been placed, nicely roasted." The old white-haired and nearly blind ex-king Thakombau, "a fine old man, very upright and not wanting in a certain dignity of gait and manner," is said to have eaten "hundreds of human beings, and the only favor he now asks of the Governor is to be allowed to eat one more man before he dies."

The visit to Hawaii had another object than curiosity and pleasure seeking. It was to place a memorial stone upon the grave of a son—Charles Lambert, who, at the age of twenty-four, was drowned while bathing at Kailua Bay in 1874, and who lies buried in the churchyard at Kona not far from the spot, memorable in the history of the islands, where Captain Cook met his death.

The book is a very handsome one, abundantly illustrated, containing, besides many woodcuts, twenty-three colored plates—with one exception, by Mr. Pritchett. These, though perhaps slightly extravagant in color, have a generally pleasing effect, somewhat marred, here and there, for the critical eye, by the blemish of a misspelled word in the title, as "Atoll" for "Atoll," "Kilaua" for "Kilauea (the crater)," The text itself, though generally free from typographical errors, shows some inaccuracies in the rendering of proper names, such as "Kilaua" for "Kailua (one of the bays of Hawaii), and others due to inattentive proof-reading, as "Panmotu" and "Pau-mutu" for "Paumotu," "Savau" for "Savaii." The book, though offered to the public, is doubtless more particularly intended for the relatives and friends of the voyagers, to whom it will be a pleasant souvenir of a happy and memorable cruise

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

- Adams, O. P. A Brief Handbook of English Authors. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 25 cents.
 Blacket, W. T. Researches into the Lost Histories of America. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. R. Lippincott & Co. \$5.50.
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